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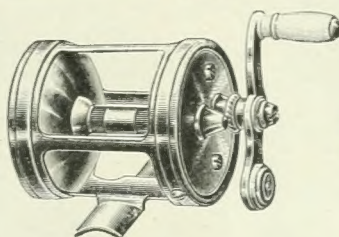
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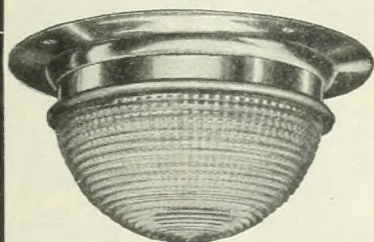
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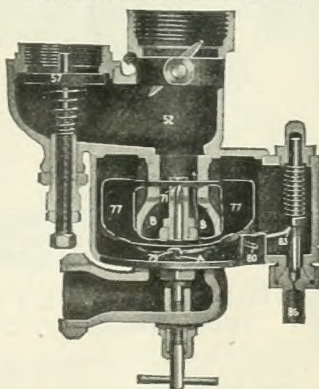
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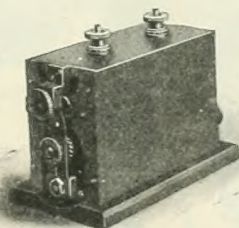
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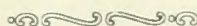
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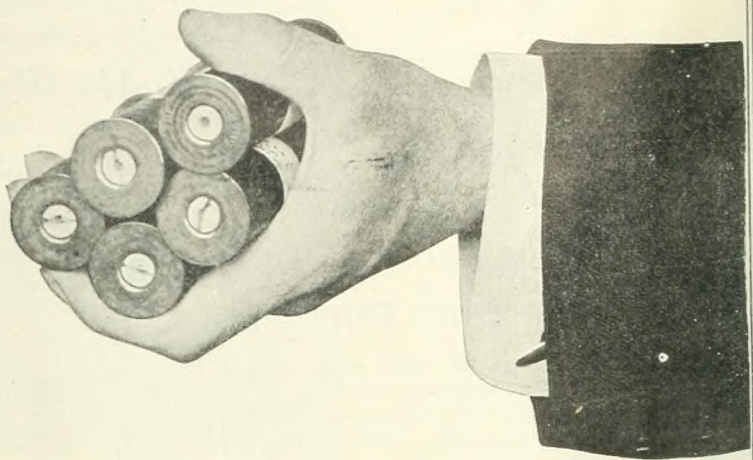
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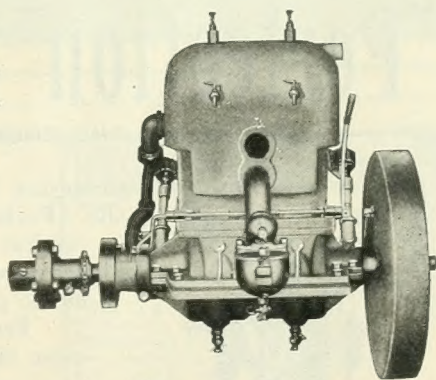
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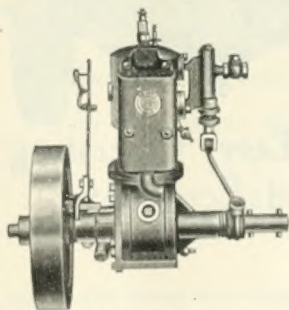
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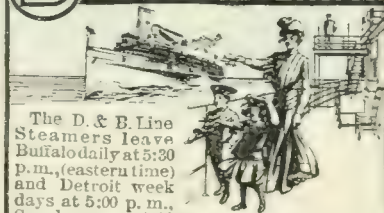
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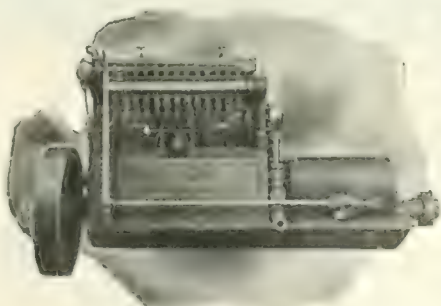
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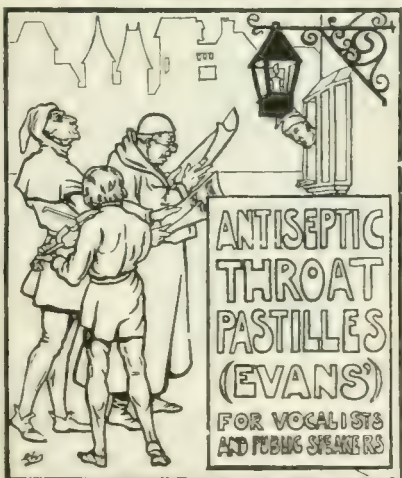
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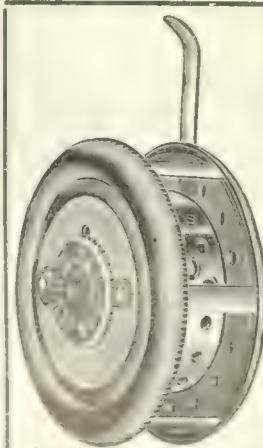
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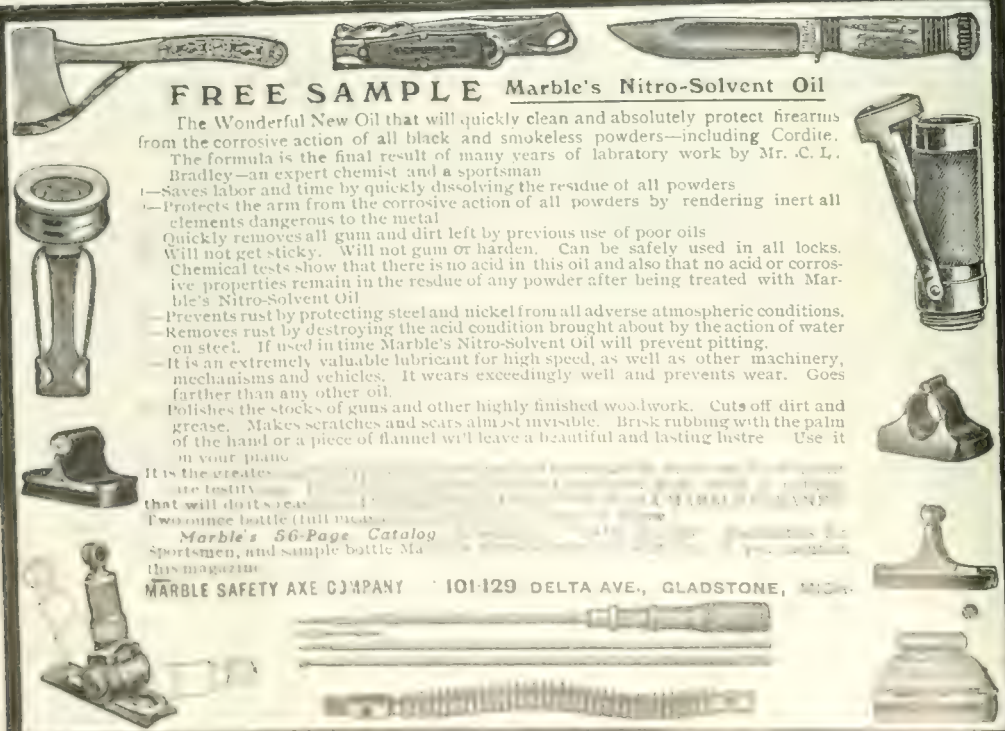
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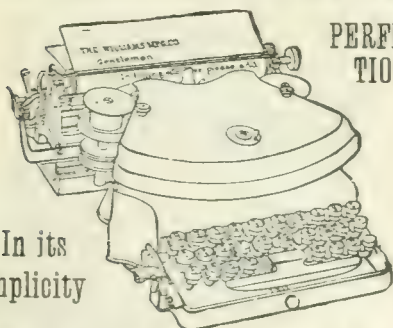
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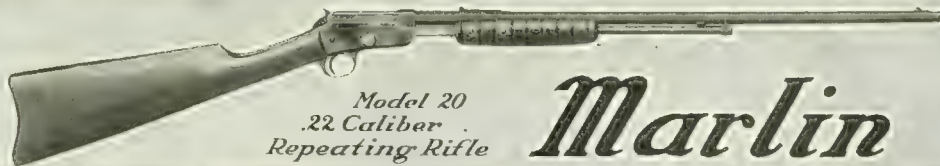
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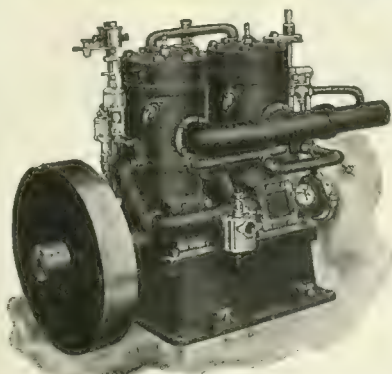
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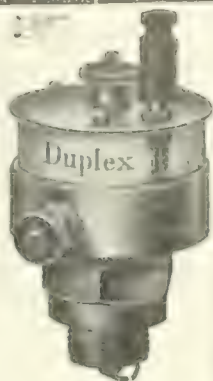
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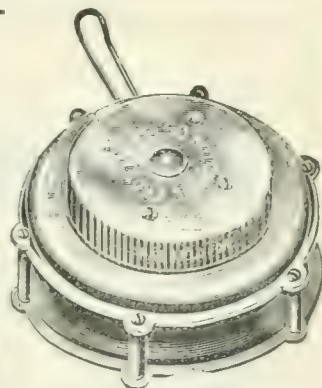
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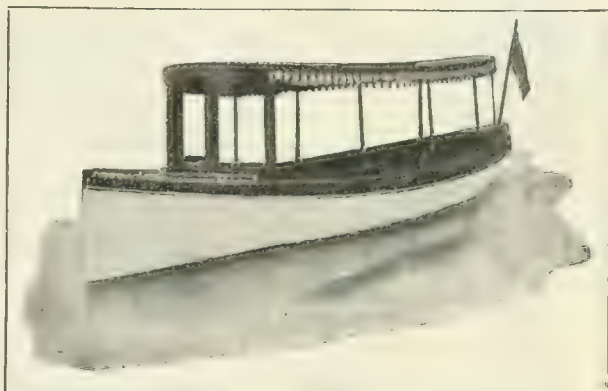
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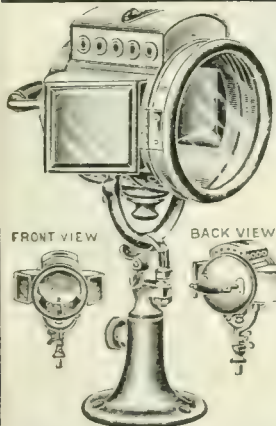
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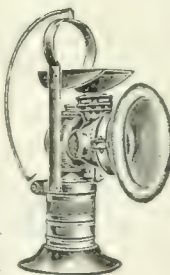
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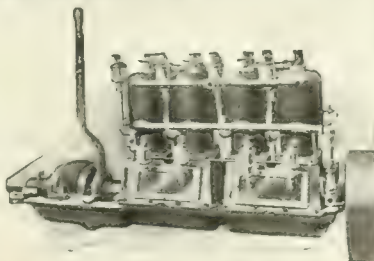
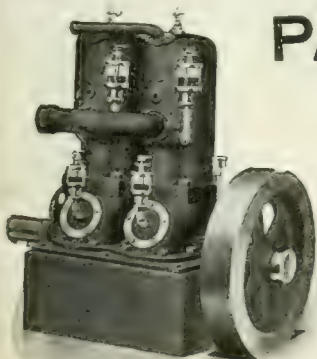
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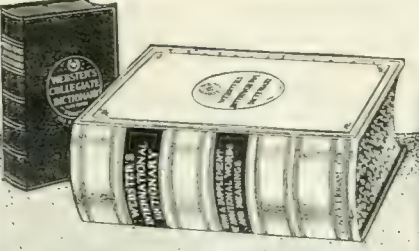
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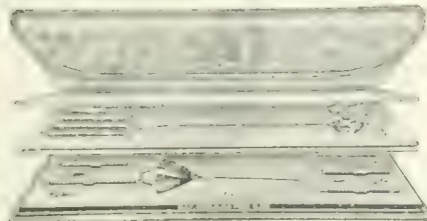
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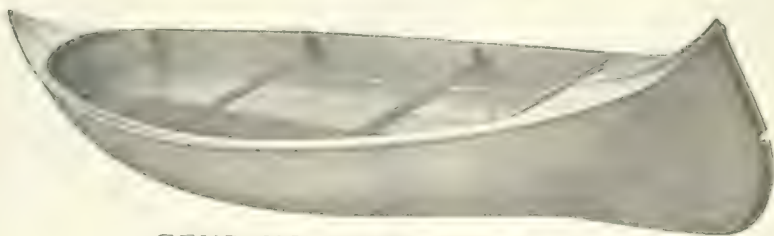
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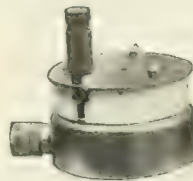
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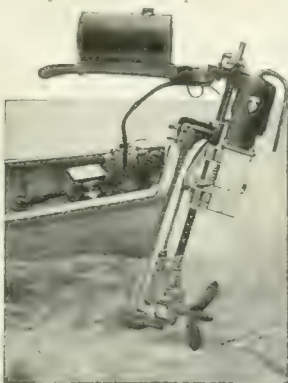
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and Motor Sports in Canada

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published, if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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BATHING IN THE SUMMER BATHS AT BANI



ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA



VOL. IX

JULY, 1907

NO. 2

A Young Nature Student's Pets.

MY fat assistant Fritz threatens me with a suit for libel if I tell you any more camp stories about him. Just listen to this, and if he prosecutes me, back me a little—and I may reveal more!

We had arrived at Rice Lake in May. Our camp was set on the shore of the great wild rice filled bay near the Serpent Mounds—see a picture of it taken in the warm days of August. Fritz had been investing in weird old relics, called by courtesy guns. One, for which he traded all his books and boyish treasures, was an ancient and evil looking old muzzle loader, dangerous at both ends, for it kicked like a willing mule. Determined to get lots of practice he went afield with a bosom chum.

In his pockets were many a bit of ammunition, a medicine vial of powder, a loose pocketful of shot big enough for able-bodied bears; a great handful of torn paper answered for wadding, and in the butt of the long terrific looking weapon the caps rattled ominously.

The youthful hunters were ambling across a field when they espied a harmless wee chipmunk sitting observant on a pile of rocks. Rigid in their tracks they stood while Fritz loaded in a lot of powder, rammed home some paper, and poured in a half handful of shot. A cap was tremblingly set in place and the long rusty tube was pointed at the tiny rodent. A click of the hammer was the

only result; the cap had failed to explode. Hastily the perspiring lad poured in more powder, rammed home more paper, added more shot. Again the formidable weapon was pointed, again came only the metallic click of the hammer! Not to be daunted, desperate in his desire to kill the wild animal



CAMP SCENE ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT WILD RICE BEDS.

grinning cheerfully before him, the fat boy again reloaded that fearful gun, giving generous measure of both powder and shot. This time he replaced the cap. Once more it extended unsteadily from his shoulder, the trigger was pulled, the hammer fell and there was a tremen-

dous explosion! Fritz landed on his back, the chipmunk leaped chattering into a crevice of the rocks, his chum jumped forward to pick up the fallen gun when Fritz yelled out, "Don't touch it, there's two more in it!"

In all that wide and varied scene, in drowned land and marsh, secluded creek and far hidden pondhole, while I searched with inquisitive lens for pictures to illustrate my work, Fritz indefatigably collected the most varied and wondrous museum of animated nature it has ever been my misfortune to run against.

Once, before day light, he came yelling towards the tent, dragging some dark object behind him. "I've got it, I've got it!" he cried. Into that peaceful tent—my feet were covered only with one thickness of grey blanket—he entered, urging along an unwilling snapping turtle, a great repulsive monster whose half century old shell bore a perfect green garden of parasitical growth. It was clawing furiously, those claws were a full inch long and my feet were tender. Its pointed, evil looking, hooked jaw was snapping at everything within reach. "What will I do with it? What will I do with it?" He fairly howled, for the struggling tortoise kept him extremely busy. "Get out of here and take the bally thing with you!" I angrily called out. He looked wounded but withdrew (I often wonder if he is as innocent as he makes out.) Later I saw him trying to feed it on cake and parts of time expired bananas, but it only

expressed a preference for his fat fingers. He got one nip, then he took a ride along the sands on its broad back, came bounding in for the scales, called out its weight at over twenty-five pounds—the limit of the scales—tipped it over on its back with a paddle, examined the old odd markings on the bottom of the great shell, peered into the small heavy eyes with hanging leathery coverings, got the beast to bite its mark into my best paddle, turned it over and bade it a mock adieu as it laboriously scrambled over the

pebbles and walked away off along the bottom of the lake.

His next unnatural adoption was a baby muskrat, a "kiten" not full four weeks old, blind and wailing. I had seen him reach his big hand far down into a muskrat's house that had been torn open by some animal—of two or four legs I could not decide—out came the hand with a grey silky little chap squealing and calling for its furry moth-



THE YOUNG MUSKRAT

er. He pictured it on the dry withered flags that formed the house, placed it in his shirt for warmth, tore up many a succulent root of sweet flag or wild onion, enough to feed a colony of muskrats for a month. Of course it declined this adult fare. Then one day at the "Shanty" he walked in, reached over me working at my desk, abstracted my fountain pen filler and sat him down in the sunshine outside and filled up the poor youngster with cold milk. I promptly put my veto on this. Warm milk or nothing for Wahzhushk as he

called it—the Ojibway name for the muskrat, Fritz was nothing if not thorough. Well, he warmed the milk and filled and re-filled that wee mewing youngster—all out of kindness I admit, but he overdid it. I tried to save the poor little thing, but I was not a bit ratty, and to our great regret it grew weaker and weaker. The weather had turned so cold that we dare not leave it near the nest, hoping the mother would take it in. Night and day Fritz nursed the wee mite but its pink legs grew so weak it could not support its large head—a head out of all proportion to its body. Finally it lay, faintly calling, in a most weary way. Fritz, more power to him—was sobbing as if his very heart would break, and he tucked it up in some flannel, crept into his bunk and buried his head beneath the coverlet. Several times I heard him attending to it that night. I was the first up the next morning. The poor little pet lay

cold and rigid in its matchbox house and Fritz sobbed and whimpered in his dreams on the cot beside it.

Next he discovered several young killdeer plover running among the rocks and stumps that littered a grassy field. Luckily for them he could only capture one. It was a dainty, fluffy little thing, marked with black edged feathers on an olive gray coat of down. Its semi-transparent yellow legs seemed hardly dry from the egg yet, still it could run across that sward at a good pace. I

pictured Fritz's assistant in this work, a wee country laddie whose cheerful laughing face was half hidden by a "Cow's-breakfast" hat. I may have seemed unusually cross to them but I bade Fritz to leave the youngster behind. It was extremely interesting to watch its mode of concealment. The instant it was free it darted off on long tremulous legs, angling like a drunken sailor but making good time nevertheless. The moment I made a movement it squatted down beside the nearest stone or leaf or root and

sat perfectly motionless. It would allow me to approach within four feet of it, then, when it saw discovery was certain, away it pattered off again.

Of the many nests full of youngsters the fat boy stole, of how he collected many a rolled leaf full of crawling worms to feed them worms that had a habit of suddenly appearing out of one of his many pockets, or out of my camera boxes, or collector's cases, of his stubborn remonstrance



MY ASSISTANT'S ASSISTANT AND THE WEE KILDEER PLOVER.

when I made him restore the young birds to the fluttering calling parents—he had the tent and the shanty surrounded with indignant despoiled birds—time would fail to tell. On one occasion he took an entire family of the red squirrels that nested in a near by bass wood, bored a line of holes all around my typewriter box, and was calmly feeding them a carton of fresh graham wafers on my return. His indignation was intense when I asked him to liberate them. "Like to know how I am ever going to be a Nat-

uralist. Guess you're jealous that I'm learning too much." I tried to assure him it was kindness to animals I wanted him to learn above all things that go to make up the daily life of the Nature Student.

If he could not have the young he made the old squirrels amuse him. It had been our custom to daily feed this numerous family beside the "Shanty," so that we might watch their playful, and sometimes belligerent habits from the window. The

day was rainy. Fritz was busy with a piece of covered electric wire. I saw him hunt up two old crusts of bread, fasten them to either end of the wire, walk slowly out and lay the odd construction on the grass. Then his bursts of laughter tempted me from my desk and I joined him at the window. A big fat red squirrel had seized upon the wire wound crust and had started to take it up the tree, intending to deposit it in a

fork. He got along all right until he tightened the wire. Then the lower end with its wire wrapped crust caught in a rough bit of bark and down tumbled Bunny. Again he essayed it, again he hit the earth. Every hair was up now, his eyes sparkled and he chattered in rage. Seeing another red haired rascal coming bounding over the grass he made a furious dash and got both crusts partly up the tree. The lower one hung three feet beneath him, the second squirrel spied it, leaped for it, caught it, and

down came squirrels and crusts and wire in one mingled heap. Now both of them seized a crust and started off different ways—result, a toss, a complete somersault, a pause, a swift angry glance, a cry of rage and both leaped to the battle. The impact when they struck was so great that the lighter squirrel was thrown up into the air. Tooth and nail, they went at it and if ever I have heard any of the lesser orders use bad words it was

then. In their intense anger they seem to actually talk to one another. Sounds indicative of rage, pain, defeat, retreat, submission, calls for mercy appeared to be plainly heard. Luckily the rain soaked the crust, so that both combatants disappeared from the scene satisfied if somehow a trampled.

Later, in the fall, when the gun to some extent superseded the camera, Fritz had more odd pets. One, a whistlewing, a young drake, that he stunned



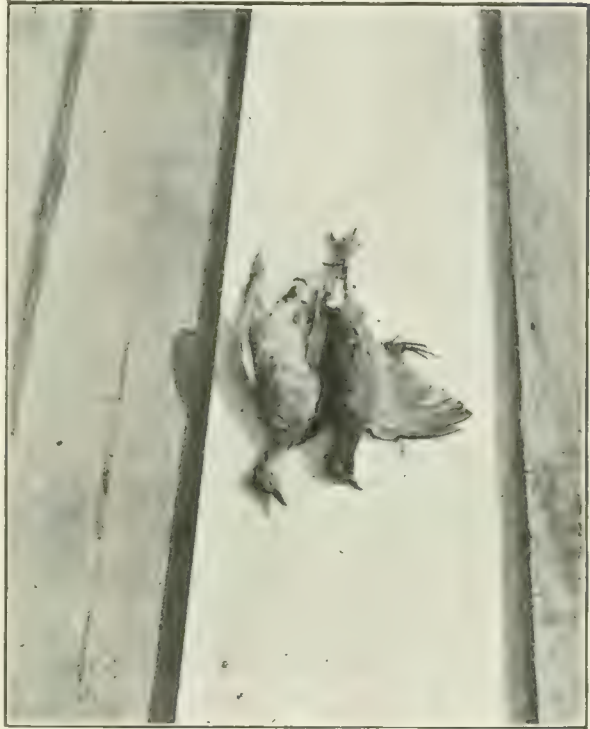
THE WHISTLEWING DRAKE.

by a glancing shot, he fed and cared for with good results. It was laughable to see it chase him, as nearly all wild ducks are savage in captivity. It would leap at his outstretched hand as he fed it, pecking and holding on as if it would drag out the piece it had seized upon. He took a picture of it, and when it had completely recovered I urged him to release it. He carefully gathered it up in his fat arms, pressed a kiss on its glossy green head, admired for a moment its bright yellow eyes, stroked its velvety

head, rubbing his face over its smooth feathers—then came just what I had expected—the drake angrily seized him by the tender edge of the nostril, and gave his nose one good shake. The startled boy released his hold for a minute, the big black and white wings fanned once, the yellow feet pressed hard on the open hands, up leaped the bird and the last we saw of it, it was speeding over the wild rice a full mile away. Fritz hoped, and I joined him in this good wish, that it might escape the hidden army of hunters, stretched from here to the furthest end of its southern migration and once more return to the Lake of the Wild Rice.

Fritz begs me to add to this article the picture of the flying Sooty Tern he made, also the composition of a pair of Gallinule-mudhens-hanging, and begs to assure my readers that he intends to accompany me to the Pacific coast (I have half promised him already.) He says he will never be a sure enough Naturalist if I continue making sport of him. He also points out that I have the larger audience. There is some truth in this.

We have had many talks over that same Pacific coast trip and wondered much what might be in front of us there. Upon one point we are quite in agree-



A PAIR OF MUDHENS.

ment and that is whatever attractions the new scenes may have for us (and doubtless they will have a great many) we shall never forget the old ones. They have been too much a part of ourselves for them ever to be effaced from our memories, and even amid new scenes they will linger long with us. No doubt Fritz will discover new pets and find means of conveying them to our camp in order to surprise me by his strange choice both in pets and methods. However much the attentions of both of us may be taken off by the strangeness of our new surroundings we shall ever remember dear old Rice Lake and the many lessons in outdoor life we have both learned upon its waters and banks. It is "a far cry" from Ontario to British Columbia but the journey is one rich in incidents to nature lovers and those who have loved the out of doors in the one Province can feel sure of renewed pleasures in the newer one. A Nature student is always learning and British Columbia affords a fine field for all learners.



FLIGHT OF SOOTY TERN.

A Klondyke Tragedy.

BY W. H. FISHER.

THE terrible fate of a young Montrealer in the winter of the Yukon, and the story of his affectionate dogs is told in the following true narrative.

Mr. Jack London and others have written stories of the North-land that have been very much appreciated and more especially so as the main facts in most of the tales published about that country are true with a little flowering put in to make the story presentable. We have also read of the terrible trials of Hubbard and his associates in the wilds of Northern Labrador and we wonder how human beings could possibly stand such terrible experiences. However of all these stories published I don't think one of them compares with the fate of Jack Clarey for a real fight for life.

In June 1901, I arrived in Dawson with a good catch of fur composed of marten, mink, beaver, otter, and the pelts of other fur bearing animals. The upper waters of the Stewart River about 450 miles east of Dawson and right in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, was where I made this successful haul, and naturally I was congratulated by my friends and acquaintances on my safe return to civilization and also on my good luck in making such a splendid catch. Among my acquaintances who visited me at my cabin on the banks of the Klondyke, after my arrival, was a young man from Montreal by the name of Jack Clarey who had spent the previous winter hunting moose and caribou far up the Klondyke River. Jack, like a good many others, was of the opinion, that it was far easier to make money out of the game of the country than it was to sink hole after hole, thirty feet to bed rock through frozen ground, with only one chance in a thousand of finding anything. So Jack killed his moose and caribou up the Klondyke River and employed Indians with their dog teams to haul the meat to town where it sold readily at fifty cents per pound by the carcass. In this way Jack had managed to make a little money

but the work was very hard and he was never sure whether he could get Indians or not to haul his killing to Dawson, so when he came to my cabin he was very much interested in my account of the way in which I trapped the different animals and decided right on the spot to take a turn at trapping during the coming winter.

Now Jack Clarey was an athlete in the true sense of the word. He was not a trained athlete, a man who could do a world breaking stunt at one particular hobby, and then go all to pieces if he was asked to walk ten miles. Jack was a born athlete with all his nerves, muscles and mental faculties working in unison; consequently hardships that some of us would not dare to face, would be undertaken by Jack as lightly as if he was going to play a game of foot-ball. Nearly everything appealed to him as sport. He was a true friend, a jovial companion and every inch a gentleman, and I am sure there was no young man who left Montreal in the spring of '98 who was better fitted to stand the trials of the Yukon than he was, and I don't think any of us could compare our chances of success with his.

In less than two weeks after he had decided to go trapping, he had all his kit together which consisted of supplies for one year, i. e. flour, beans, bacon, sugar, rolled oats and a few smaller articles in the grub line. He had about six dozen No. 0 traps for catching marten and mink, one large and one small axe, and a few tools necessary to build dead-falls. In addition he had two pairs of heavy blankets and a canoe, his whole outfit weighing about 400 pounds, not counting his canoe.

He left Dawson about the middle of June 1901 in one of the White Pass Company's steamers for Fort Selkirk accompanied only by his two faithful dogs, Shep and Rowdy, one a collie and the other a good sized spaniel.

Jack Clarey was no different from a good many of the old timers in the coun-

try; experience had taught him as well as others that when a man undertook a perilous expedition, where unknown hardships are to be met with, it is far better to be alone than to have a partner, for it is the exception for two men to live together for a year away from all communication with mankind, without having some little spat when things are not going smoothly, and sometimes these little spats have very serious results, so Jack preferred to be alone.

In due time the steamer landed him and his outfit at Fort Selkirk and after reporting to the North West Mounted Police who have a post there, he started on his perilous trip alone up the Pelly River.

His destination was the Pelly Flats about 350 miles up the river, and many a hard day's work he had working his canoe around some of the Cascades and portaging over the rapids before he arrived where he intended camping for the winter. He arrived at the mouth of the McMillan River early in July. This river empties into the Pelly about 100 miles from the mouth of the latter and is called by some the North Fork of the Pelly. Jack proceeded up the South Fork or main stream about 150 miles further and arrived at Hoole Canyon on the 20th of July. Here a long portage had to be made and it took him fully a week to get his supplies and canoe over. Above Hoole Canyon the river is sluggish, and it did not take him very long to cover the balance of his trip into the interior.

About the middle of August he selected a nice spot, well wooded, about 100 miles above Hoole Canyon, at the junction of a small creek and the main river. This particular part of the country is known as the Pelly Flats and is considered now to be about the best fur producing country in all the great watershed of the mighty Yukon River. Around him in all directions were high mountain peaks of the Rockies, perpetually covered with snow, but in the valley in which he was, the weather was delightful and warm, for the sun still shone eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. In June, July and August in these Northland valleys the climate is probably the most delightful of any part of the globe, with almost continuous daylight, for the

sun shines at least seven-eighths of the time during these months.

Gay was the heart of Jack and happy were his two faithful companions, Shep and Rowdy, as they watched him fall the trees to make their winter home. Shep and Rowdy were not working dogs, they were brought up there by their master as companions and Jack would talk to them from time to time as if they were human beings. About the first of September, the home was all completed, the spaces between the logs were carefully chinked with moss, a straight grain piece of spruce had been selected, split and hewn into boards to make a door, a table and a shelf, a hole had been cut out in the side of the building about eighteen inches long and twelve inches high and carefully covered with a fine piece of flour sack which served the purpose of a window. The foundation logs outside had been carefully banked up with earth all around, to keep the frost out. For a floor there were no logs or boards but simply the earth carefully levelled off and covered with chips and shavings; this is probably the warmest floor one can have in a very cold country, as there is no chance for draughts. A small sheet iron stove that he had brought with him was set up, a bed was made in one corner, a ventilator had been cut out in the roof and everything was ready for the coldest weather in the Northern latitudes.

Jack's next move was to make a careful inspection of the surrounding country with the intention of selecting the best possible direction for laying out his trap-line. After having decided on a certain direction he blazed a trail for about five miles in as straight a line as possible from his cabin, then he blazed a trail for about five miles in exactly the opposite direction, that would give him ten miles of a trap-line with his cabin in the centre. The idea of a straight line is this, the marten generally travel across the valleys from one range of mountains to the other and by having a straight line you are actually covering more ground than you could possibly do by laying out your line in a circuit. The preliminary work of blazing a trail being completed, the real work begins which consists of cutting out the trail and setting the traps in place. It is considered

a good day's work to cut out a trail and place traps for one mile. Brush pens have to be made for the steel traps to keep the snow from covering them up. Dead-falls are made by cutting down two small trees about four inches in diameter at the butt. They must be perfectly straight, carefully trimmed and about twelve feet in length and it requires a lot of care to place them in position to work successfully. There are about five steel traps and five dead-falls laid to a mile. It took Jack about two weeks of very hard work to finish his trap line.

It was now about the middle of September and a little too early to lay in his winter's supply of moose meat for after the moose is killed the meat must be frozen and kept in that condition all winter, so Jack spent about two weeks around his cabin cutting firewood and doing other odd jobs necessary for his winter's comfort.

About the first of October he killed two full grown bull moose and one yearling, and had all the meat carefully piled in a cache or porch in front of his cabin. The two large moose were cut in quarters and their hides left on, but the yearling he skinned, as he required the hide to make gut to repair his snowshoes during the winter, and some of it to make moccasins; in fact a moose hide is a very necessary thing to have to complete a winter's outfit.

The winter weather had now set in and consequently the trapping season was on, so Jack started out and set and baited all his traps and dead-falls. He would cover five miles in one direction one day and cover the five miles in the opposite direction the next, and stay home the third day to take the pelts off his catch and stretch them. Sunday was his day for baking bread and keeping his woodpile up to the standard, and taking things all in all Jack Clarey was a very busy young man.

Jack was not only a good worker but those who knew him best knew him to be very methodical. He always kept a diary of his actions from day to day and it is from that same diary that this little story is written.

Jack covered his trap lines every Mon-

day and Tuesday and Thursday and Friday accompanied by his dogs and was meeting with splendid success. I am sorry I cannot give you the exact wording of his diary as I have not got it with me at present but I shall try to relate it as near as possible from memory.

December tenth was a bitter cold day. Jack had nearly reached the turning point on his trail when he found that a wolverine had sprung one of his steel traps and got away with the trap and the stick it had been fastened to. It was yet quite light so he started to follow the wolverine's trail with the hope of overtaking and killing it. The track led across a small lake and it was here where the tragedy began. The lake was all covered with snow and Jack noticed there was water on the ice beneath the snow though he did not take much notice of it as it did not appear to be enough to wet his feet. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the ice gave way and poor Jack was nearly to his knees in water. He got out as quickly as possible, but not before he felt the cold water penetrate his stockings and moccasins, by the cold chilly feel of the water on his legs and feet. His first thought was to get to shore as quickly as possible and build a fire in the bush and try and dry his stockings, but on arriving on shore darkness had set in and he was a long way from his own trail. The cold at the time did not bother him very much and he thought by walking briskly he would keep up enough circulation to keep him from freezing. So he changed his first intention and started for home as quickly as possible. He had not gone far before his legs and feet were encased in a solid mass of ice and the pain from the cold began to get unbearable. He kept up the weary march for home however, and in a short time the pain gave way to a feeling of numbness. Jack knew then that the frost had taken hold but it was too late then to stop and try to light a fire: besides he was nearing home, which he reached about fifteen minutes after the numbness set in. It did not take him long to get a fire going for he had everything ready, but it was a very different job when it came to taking off his moccasins and stockings. The moccasins

sins' he cut off but the stockings were frozen tight to the skin and could not be taken off without taking the skin and part of the flesh with them. So he put his feet in the oven and waited for the ice to melt before he could get his stockings off. He then got a pail of cold water and put his feet in it hoping in this way to be able to draw all the frost out. He kept his feet in the cold water for hours, so long in fact that he was quite sure all the frost had been taken out. The frost had penetrated into the bone, however, and nothing could possibly save him from a lingering death except amputation. For ten days Jack dressed his wounded feet as best he could and although the pain was almost unbearable he was still under the impression that there was no frost in them. He was still able to get up and light the fire and do a little cooking.

On the 20th of December he writes: "The flesh is beginning to come off the sole of the left foot; it looks very bad and I may lose the foot, but I think the right foot will get well." Dec. 22nd: "The bone of my left foot is all exposed and I know for certain that the frost has entered the bone. I am afraid it is going to be a serious matter with me. Oh, how I wish I had some one here to help me amputate the foot. There must be some Indians in this part of the country."

Dec. 23rd: "The bone of the heel has dropped out and I have a terrible fear that death is slowly but surely approaching. Both my dogs seem to realize what is the matter with me for they come to my cot and whine most pitifully. Rowdy can almost talk to me. I ask him to go and get help and he runs outside and barks, he comes in again and it actually looks as if he was trying to tell me there was none in sight."

Dec. 24th: "I have not had a fire going for three days, it is extremely cold and my cooked food is all exhausted. The left foot is now all gone and the right one is beginning to show all the symptoms of going the same way. I feel that I am getting very weak and occasionally have severe sharp pains in the region of the heart; I am afraid it is all up with Jack Clarey!"

Christmas Day: "Was there ever an

individual put in a Christmas day such as I did? I think not. I awoke in the morning or rather I came to my senses for I don't know whether I had been asleep or in a state of unconsciousness. For a long time before I came to my senses I thought I was listening to beautiful music and I fancied I could hear an organ playing distinctly; it must have been my poor dogs whining. I did something today that I did not think it possible to do; I got up and lit a fire and cooked myself a pot of moose meat. I also melted some snow for I was completely out of water. Rowdy and Shep were at my side all the time. Nobody can ever realize how faithful and loving these poor dumb creatures are. I again asked Rowdy to go for help and the poor brute races through the door and back again, barking wildly. He repeated this three or four times and then Shep joined him; together they rushed out of the door and started off down the river running like mad and yelping like wild creatures."

Christmas Night: "My dogs haven't come back, and now I am all alone, alone and dying. I have been thinking of the dear ones at home, and wondering how they were enjoying their Christmas evening. I have had a good cry, the first for many years, I have said my prayers and asked God to send me help; I believe He will.

Dec. 26th: "My dogs have not come back. I am not suffering much pain, but have a terrible presentiment of approaching death."

Dec. 27th. "Dogs not yet come back. The flesh is falling off my left leg very rapidly and my right foot is nearly all gone."

Dec. 28th, 29th and 30th he tells of the non-arrival of his dogs and he thinks they have deserted him.

Dec. 31st: "I have cut away a large quantity of decomposed flesh from my left leg, and the operation has left me in terrible pain. I have had several fainting spells lately and the end is near. My rifle is lying alongside of me loaded and I have seriously thought of putting an end to my pain, but no, it is only a coward who would do such a thing."

Jan. 1st: "The snow water that I melted on Christmas Day, and the meat

I cooked is all gone, and I expect this day will see an end to my sufferings. What's that? I hear barking, oh! it cannot be; yes it is, thank God, thank God, relief is at hand. My dogs came bounding into the cabin and began licking my hands and face and it was some time before I could get them to leave me alone. I listened for hours for the sound of human voices, but none could I hear.

Jan. 2nd: "All I have got to eat now is raw oat meal, and nothing to drink. Will help never come? My dogs have plenty of meat in the cache and if anyone comes here and finds them I want them to be good to them especially Rowdy. I brought him with me from Montreal. Good-bye all."

Jan. 3rd: "I did not expect to see another day. I am suffering terribly from thirst. There is some frost on the moss with which my cabin is chinked and I can just reach enough to moisten my parched lips. I have now given up all hope. Good-bye."

Jan. 4th: "The Lord has added another day to my sufferings. My tongue is terribly swollen. I have pulled the moss out from between the logs of my cabin and a little snow is drifting in."

Jan. 5th: "My tongue has swollen so I can hardly close my mouth. My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Jan. 6th: "Good-bye." Jan. 7th: "Good-bye." Jan. 8th: "Good-bye,"

Jan. 9th: "Good-bye."

Jan. 10th: "Good-bye Shep. Good-bye Row—"

About the end of May 1902 two men arrived at Selkirk from the Upper Pelly and as usual reported to the Mounted Police. They had camped during the winter just below Hoole Canyon. The Police inquired of them if they had seen anything of Clarey. They said no, they did not know anyone was up in that part of the country besides themselves. Shortly after the arrival of the two men Clarey's two dogs arrived at the Post and the Police immediately realized that something was wrong. The two men were again interrogated and they immediately recognized the two dogs.

These men told the Police that the two dogs came to their cabin about the end of December and whined pitifully outside their door. They thought the dogs were lost and had gone wild, and they tried their best to coax them with meat into their cabin, but could not get near them. When the men would try to catch the dogs, the two dogs would start running up the trail in the most delighted manner possible. The men would follow them for a short distance, but just as soon as the men turned back the dogs would sit in the trail and again began whining. This performance was repeated several times, but the men were still under the impression that the dogs were wild and hungry.

Whenever the North West Mounted Police think a human life is at stake, they don't take long to act, and the very next day two Policemen were on their way up the Pelly in a steam launch. Arriving at Hoole Canyon they could not go any further with their launch so they portaged their canoe past the Canyon and proceeded one hundred miles further up the river to Pelly Flats. There they found poor Clarey's cabin, and inside they found the badly decomposed body in a reclining position on his little cot, his diary was in one hand and pencil in another, and his gun was on the floor several feet away. They dug a grave, wrapped him in his blanket and laid him to rest.

They placed a small piece of board at the head of the grave with this inscription: "Jack Clarey, died January 10th, 1902, age, 27. Buried by the N. W. M. P."

All they took from his cabin was his gun and diary.

The above account of this young man's sad death, and the story of his faithful dogs is true in every respect except for the change of name. I am sorry I have had to use an assumed name but a member of his own family has asked me to kindly keep the nature of his death from his nearest relatives while giving me permission to write and publish an account of the tragedy providing I did as I have done—used an assumed name.

Moose Hunting in Quebec.

BY F. B. GUILD.

REMEMBERING past experiences of Canada there was no difficulty in deciding where I should spend my annual vacation last fall. There are too many attractions for sportsmen within the broad Dominion to even think of any other place when circumstances will permit of time being passed in the great Northland. The question of arrangements was a different matter and took up much time and thought. Fortunately in this I received the valuable assistance of Mr. Rufus Alford, who is one of the best guides we have in the Adirondacks and in addition to his other virtues is an excellent cook. At last we had discussed every point, collected all we might need, and were ready for our start.

The long talked of and wished for day came at length and on the evening of the twenty-fourth of September last we left Lake Placid, N.Y. for Montreal. At that fine city we connected with the Canadian Pacific train west and travelled through Ottawa to Mattawa, where we had again to change cars.

Breakfast was taken in this little town, which not so long ago was a frontier of civilization, and after waiting an hour, we travelled on a branch line due north for forty-seven miles to Kippewa. Here we had dinner at the hotel and the same afternoon we had a beautiful voyage of eighteen miles through Kippewa Lake and nine miles up the North River to Hunters Point, Quebec. It was dark by the time we arrived and we found a very good outfitting station and comfortable stopping place.

Although we were tired from travelling we managed, with the help of Isaac Hunter, whom I had engaged for a second guide, to get everything ready that night for a two weeks' trip. Of course previous arrangements and the efficient assistance of my guides much facilitated matters.

Next morning with my Peterborough and a birch bark we set out. It was a beautiful morning and the paddle for one mile which was all we had before we reached a tramway was much enjoyed.

At this tramway we loaded all our outfit on a car, and by pushing it on for a quarter of a mile we were able to put our canoes into the foot of Ostoboning Lake. For fifteen miles we went up the lake, having a fair wind, and spent that night at "Mrs. Henry's." This we found to be an Indian cabin, but though it was only a cabin the inhabitants made us very comfortable.

We had breakfast and were off before day light next morning. After paddling for four miles up stream we reached the preserve of the Saseginata Fish and Game Club—a preserve which comprises five timber limits or two hundred and fifty square miles.

Two short portages were made round some rapids and three miles further up the river we entered Five Mile Lake. I soon noticed some kind of an animal on the shore of the Lake and asked "Ruf" what it was. He informed me that it was my chance at a fisher and a very nice one too. The water was very rough and at first I did not expect to get him. When I got him just right and my 30.30 spoke for the first time since I left home the fisher wilted in his tracks, never even made a jump, shot through the shoulder. It was with some difficulty we made a landing but we succeeded at last and managed to take him into our canoe.

A paddle up Five Mile Lake brought us to the camp of Mr. John Prall where we arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning. As they were out at that time we went in, built up a fire and cooked our dinner. We saw a fresh bear hide hung in the cabin and knew from that sign they had been having some luck. Mr. John Prall Jr., Mr. H. G. Alford, and "Joe" their Indian guide made up the camp. Mr. Alford is a brother of my guide "Ruf" and also a member of the Club.

During the course of the afternoon they returned from a prospecting trip they had been making up the Cherry River and reported moose signs in plenty.

They had a tent all ready for us as they expected we would make our head quarters with them, and had gone so far as to have the balsam boughs for our beds all cut and ready in the tent. This was a capital sportsmen's reception and we appreciated very highly the warmth of our welcome.

During the evening they reported to us a very lively chase after a bear. The bear had been caught in a wolf trap. He had broken the clog and could travel faster than they could. However "Joe" finally overtook him and shot him in the head.

We were also told that we should not have to go far for a moose, for the guides could call one in twenty minutes any time as soon as the season opened. While this was being told to us, Isaac came in and informed us that at that very moment there was a moose outside grunting at us. Naturally we all went out at once, the interruption having caught us at the moment when we were all ready for moose, and each one of us could hear a moose very distinctly walking in the water up the lake. Finally he went into the bush. He had swum the lake in his travels and Isaac had heard him before he took to the water.

After this experience in the evening, Isaac awoke me at half past five next morning with more moose. He told me there was a moose near the camp and asked me to listen. I sat up in my sleeping bag inside the tent and heard a moose walking in the water just below the camp. I spoke to "Ruf," jumped out of my sleeping bag and ran to the cabin. Rousing the other three fellows I told them there was a moose walking

upon us in camp at that unearthly hour.

They speedily threw on some articles of clothing and we all went down to the lake. There, within ten or twelve rods of us, just across the neck of the lake, walking first in the water and then in the bush was a moose. The mist was too thick to allow us to see it, but of the fact that the moose was there none of us had any doubt. This made two moose we had heard from the camp within twenty-four hours of our arrival.

Next day the whole party, with two tents and supplies to last three or four days, went up the river to B. L. Lake. There we met a party of Club members who were camping in deserted lumber camps. They had caught fish, shot partridge and seen moose and were delighted with their experiences.

We proceeded up the river through Ascoe Lake and several smaller lakes, making short portages between them when the river was too rapid to paddle a canoe, and thus reached Saseginata Lake, where we camped on an island for a few days.

Here we had a delightful time.

We fished and practised shooting, waiting for the opening day of the moose season on October first. On the evening of that day Isaac took me out fishing but the fish were not biting at all. I pulled in my line and as we came into a bay suggested that we get out and rest ourselves. There was not even a bit of a breeze and the lake was as smooth as glass. We had only left the canoe a few minutes when we heard brush crack on the ridges across the bay. By listening intently we became quite positive game of some kind was afoot.



OUR HOME IN THE WOODS.

On Isaac's proposal we returned to the canoe and he paddled very quietly in the direction from which the noises came. We could still hear the breaking of the brush and an occasional grunt. Isaac hazarded the guess that it was a bear, but when we were half way across the bay we very plainly heard a moose pounding his horns on a tree. Isaac then gave a few low calls with his birch bark horn, each time receiving an answer from the bull. Finally he made a "grand rush," breaking boughs and brush and then silence! I felt positive

ing and could hear other moose moving around a little to our right, he would not move so as to allow us to see him.

Isaac was paddling slowly and a little obliquely to where he was standing when the brush to our right parted a little and a calf moose walked out. The animal looked at us, then walked into the water and took a drink and again gave us a long look. All this time we could hear the cow walking about and finally the calf turned round and walked back into the bush.

By the time we were very close to Mr.

Moose. — "too close" I told Isaac. The latter had given up calling though both of us tried very hard to catch sight of him from the canoe. At last above the thickest of the bush, and not over six rods from us, I saw his horns as he swung them around. I could not see a hair but the horns were a fine set. Aiming just below and between them I fired. The moose immediately started on the trot and as I saw the brush move I fired twice more from the



MY MOOSE, AFTER WE HAD HAULED HIM UP ON THE BANK.

he had gone from us and I was equally sure that the rush was in our direction.

The lapse of a few moments proved Isaac to be in the right. Once more we heard him coming "on the grunt" and could very distinctly hear his horns ring on the trees. Then he made another rush towards us in the bush and came down very close to the edge of the water though he still remained out of our sight. He could however look through the brush and see us plainly in our canoe. Isaac called and coaxed but all in vain. While we knew just about where he was stand-

canoe.

Paddling quickly to the shore I jumped out. Both of us had been patiently watching in a cramped position for over an hour in a small canoe and for a time we felt badly. Isaac indeed was quite done up and unable to stand upon his feet. Waiting just a little time and seeing that Isaac was incapable of affording assistance I ran into the bush and through the brush I saw the moose in the distance. I sent two further shots after him. My gun holds five cartridges and as those were exhausted I had to stop to reload. By the time I had put in three more

Isaac came up to me, and we took the trail, Isaac in the lead, I keeping as closely to him as possible.

The trail of blood was very plain and it was evident that the animal was badly wounded. Apparently he could not run much faster than we did. We could hear him as he went crashing through the bush and taking his direction we would leave the track altogether and make for him. When we had run for some distance we would stop and take his direction again. These tactics we followed repeatedly though we did not altogether escape accidents. On one occasion I went down full length, gun and all, and on another Isaac fell. This lasted for about half a mile when we came to a swampy place which was quite open.

Up to this time I had kept very close to Isaac but here he got ahead, and coming to a small lake where he saw the moose swimming across he beckoned me to hurry. I put on a spurt but when I reached the water's edge the moose was half way across the lake. I was still breathing hard as the result of our exertions when I took my first shot, and in consequence I shot over, the ball striking the water just beyond the animal. After taking a breath or two more I tried again. This time I shot him in the shoulder and repeated the performance with a second shot. I snapped once more but there was no cartridge in my gun!

Very much to my surprise and chagrin I found upon examining my belt that I had only one more cartridge. Putting that one into my gun I waited until he raised himself up out of the water so as to fully expose his shoulder, and then fired my last cartridge. He stopped

hesitated for a short time, and sort of settled back into the lake again, and began to swim along the shore. I stood my rifle up against a tree and we stood and watched him, wishing in vain that some of the many cartridges I had in camp were then in my belt.

Several times he made an attempt to get out of the water but each time he would settle back and swim a little further. Finally he drew himself up and nearly landed holding his head well up. We went around the Lake and came out near him but when he saw us he slid back again into the water and swam across. Still he could not get out and

almost ceased his efforts to do so. It was now getting dark so fast that we had to leave him and go back to our canoe. Then we had to paddle three and a half miles back to camp, and it was long after dark when we arrived. Here we found our friends wondering what had detained us and our adventures were related around the camp fire.

Early the next morning the whole party went

in force down to the Lake and over to the small one where I had shot the moose. There we found the moose dead with just his head and neck up on shore. It was as much as our united exertions could accomplish, with three different lines, to draw him out a few inches at a time. He had a splendid head with a fifty-four inch spread of horns. We skinned him, took the head and feet and the best of the meat back to camp.

Our meals were now varied with moose meat which we all enjoyed very much, and I dried or "jerked" what we thought we would not be able to consume, took it home, and at the time



"I TOOK HIS PICTURE"

of writing have still some of it left.

After this success we broke camp on the Saseginata Lake and returned to our head quarters on Five Mile Lake. Mr. Alford and Mr. Prall were hunting from here and saw a bull moose. As he had not such a good head as they wished to secure they allowed him to go. Prall, "Ruf," and Joe saw several beaver and Prall got a snap shot on one large fellow at close range with his camera.

Again Mr. Alford and Mr. Prall took Isaac and Joe and went looking for moose ; while "Ruf" and I put in our

the lake we saw a very nice large cow moose standing in a little creek very near the lake, and we paddled quite close to her before she moved off. We were so interested in watching her that we did not think of the camera until too late to get her picture, though we had a splendid chance of securing one had any of us thought of it. We brought out the meat and set a bear trap at the carcass, though we did not get another bear.

On our return we saw a second cow moose on the shore of Five Mile Lake. As the wind was blowing from us straight towards her we did not get close to her. For a few rods she walked towards us and then went slowly into the bush.

Two days later Mr. Prall, Mr. Alford, and Joe took the meat to Hunter's Point and from that place made the return journey home. Mr. Prall expressed himself as well pleased with his trip. He had had the best of times, had seen several moose including some good sized bulls, and though he had



"AS FINE SPECIMENS AS I EVER SAW"

time looking after wolf traps and drying moose meat. During the morning we heard one shot and later on heard that as a result of that one good shot with his thirty—thirty, Harvey Alford killed a bull moose. The animal had a fine head with antlers having a spread of forty inches. During the next few days Mr. Prall saw several bull moose, but none that he would shoot as he wanted a bull with a spread of not less than sixty inches.

Five of us went out to get the meat from the moose Mr. Alford had shot leaving him in the camp as he had some particular work to do. As we went down

not taken a shot at any of them he was delighted with his experiences.

The same day the other fellows left, Isaac, "Ruf" and I made a prospecting trip, killed a few partridges, and located some small lakes that we had not seen before. Leaving Five Mile Lake at the "Young's" cabin we travelled back a quarter of a mile and came to a small lake when Isaac suggested that we locate another lake further on and over the ridge.

Accordingly we followed an old lumber road for half a mile and saw many fresh moose signs. When we came in sight of the lake, we stopped and looked over

it and all round its shores. Seeing nothing we made for the edge of the water and just before we reached it we discovered the horns of a large bull moose, on the lake shore and just to the right. My first impression was that someone had shot him and he had reached the shores of the lake before he died. The horns however were both up and we soon noticed that they were moving as he chewed his cud. The wind was blowing hard across the lake, past him and towards us, so that we were able to look him over as much as we pleased. When we were satisfied I handed my rifle over to "Ruf" and taking the camera and getting it opened up, stepped down into the brush and within six paces (eighteen feet) of where he was lying. Having secured a good position Isaac gave a low call. He at once stood up and looked at me when I took his picture.

When I looked up from the finder in the camera and saw how large he was and how close to me, and having had him called up at that season of the year, I involuntarily took two or three steps backwards towards the other fellow. This motion frightened him and he turned and ran from us as fast as he could.

Isaac said "You need not be afraid, he won't come this way." In a moment or two he was lost to sight in the bush. Such an experience I do not expect ever to repeat and it was well worth while to have come such a long distance in order to see the sight I did on that occasion without counting in the numerous other pleasant experiences.

The next four days we looked after the bear traps and stayed around camp, being held up only one day on account of stormy weather. Then we broke camp and returned to "Mrs. Henry's" where we again stayed for one night.

Coming down the river we saw another bull moose. He had just swam across and we watched him climb a bank thirty feet high, from the top of which he stood out in full view and looked at us. Then he shook the water out of his hair just as a dog does and was speedily out of sight.

I was too slow with my camera to find him as he stood on the top of the bank and looked at us.

Before daylight the next morning we were on the Oshtoboning Lake and having a fair wind down we paddled the fifteen miles to Hunter's Point where we arrived in time for dinner. While we were out on the Preserve our party of six saw nineteen moose, and I personally saw six, including three bulls, two cows and a calf.

Arranging for more supplies at the Point we started next day in another direction for Birch Lake as I wished for a few day's fishing before returning home. We were on the Club grounds by the middle of the afternoon and selected a fine sandy beach in a bay of our camp. We put up the tents, got in some wood and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

After breakfast next morning Isaac and I went out and caught six lake trout—as fine specimens as I ever saw. I had no means of weighing them but the largest one was twenty-six inches long and the shortest nineteen inches. During the time we were there we caught as many trout as we wished and the morning before I left I caught seven before breakfast and nine more very soon after that meal, making a total of sixteen for that morning.

We found partridges very plentiful and one afternoon we shot ten with my .22 cal. Stevens pistol, ten in barrel.

Reluctantly we broke camp again and returned to Hunter's Point for dinner and home the following day. We had the most delightful weather, a congenial party, fine success in both hunting and fishing and none of us knew how we could possibly have hoped for a nicer or more pleasant trip.

Each one of us is looking forward with a good deal of pleasure to next season's opening, when we again hope to spend another equally pleasant two weeks on the Saseginata Fish and Game Club territory in the beautiful Province of Quebec.

Our Fishing and Hunting Trip in Northern Ontario.

BY FRANK CARREL.

PART IV

A warm breakfast of our regular and still ever popular bacon, bread and tea with some cream of wheat, as an appetizer, was stowed away in the recesses of four large vacuums, in the interiors of four hungry men, for since coming to this Northern country, our appetites have been steadily increasing, and instead of one helping of two slices of bacon and one of bread, it now took double that quantity to bring about a satisfied feeling, while our two guides could certainly make disappear, four times as much as we ate. Pishabo ate

alongside the fire, upon which he generally made ready our frugal meal, or perhaps I should use the word "fry," as we cooked very little while David would take himself off for a few feet, and do his eating with his back turned toward us. We often noticed this, and remark-

ed the eccentricity of such an act, which more resembled the habits of the lower kingdom, who take their portion from the dish, when eating with others, and go off some distance to eat it, before returning for more. There was certainly nothing wrong with David's appetite and when he had given up his tin plate and cup to Pishabo to wash, if there happened to be a few slices of bacon or anything else left on the few plates lying about, he was generally equal to offering a solution for them not going to waste, or being thrown away. I also noticed that the after effects of this over-eating produced

a lack of energy in the rear end of my canoe, until the food had become fully digested, or so absorbed into the system. This I could help along by raising an imaginary race with the occupants of the other canoe, which always seemed to please David as it made him feel we had no competitors in our class.

David was a very large boy of seventeen years of age and dearly loved a contest, even if he did have an apathy to work in camp, unless it was in the preparation of something to eat, and we always had to use diplomacy to make him do his share of the camp labor.

The day we started off to trail the moose, which we supposed was killed the night before, it was as glorious as all those days we had experienced so far, and everything looked beautiful as we paddled several miles to the mouth of the



DAVID POINTING TO WHERE I SHOT THE MOOSE
THE NIGHT BEFORE.

little inlet where the ground was covered with a marsh of tall grass upon which the moose feed, and there began a new and novel experience in following the tracks of our prize. Of course I was wrong again in thinking that I knew the very spot where I had hit him, for it happened to be about five hundred feet away from where I thought it was; but David had not the slightest trouble or doubt on that score and went straight to it, as though we had planted a pole in it the night before. We soon found the foot imprints of the huge monster and then began one of the most exciting

features of our hunt. The Colonel was fascinated with our human sleuth hounds as our two Indians proved themselves to be, in detecting the maddened retreat of the moose, through the heavily wooded forest with a very thick underbrush. How the animal with its huge antlers, could make its way through this tangled up forest, was a mystery which only the animal himself could illustrate, for in a few places did we find the trees or bushes much disturbed, although in one or two spots we found bark scars upon the trees, where the mammoth horns had collided, evidently with great force.

At times we lost the trail, but it was always found again by David who never seemed to lose himself in the labyrinth of the foliage.

We followed the tracks for several miles, only discovering a very few drops of blood, here and there, to prove that the moose had not been hit in a very vital part, and would live to get over the narrow escape, which his curiosity had led him into the night before, but it was a hard blow for us to have to turn back to the shores of the lake, with dampened ardour and subdued spirits after such great expectations.

Our return through the forest to the shores of the lake, again offered another opportunity for our Indians to display their ability of keen scent. To us the way was all confusing and we both would have been lost in no time if left to ourselves, although I had taken occasion to blaze the trail, but it was not necessary, for our guides retraced their steps, making the same little detours of trees, and logs, lying upon the ground, which we had skirted on our way in.

We returned to camp about noon, the Colonel cynically remarking: "that we could not count on our game, even after we had shot him."

Our dinner that day was supplemented with pea soup, "the same soup," the Colonel said "which won the battles of 1870." The Colonel was a great military enthusiast like all Germans, and all the good things which he brought over from Germany for this trip, and which we were treated to from time to time, were delicious in their line, and if we were any judges, this army is well fed

After the soup came bacon and bread, and being Sunday to have cheese and pickles on the menu, certainly made it a great feast, as we cuddled our tin plates on our knees, sitting on a rocky promontory, with the sun beaming down upon us, making the situation ideal in every respect.

After dinner, the Colonel gave orders that we should all have a rest in the afternoon and be in readiness for our last night on this lake, as we had to begin our return journey on the morrow in order to reach Haileybury for the fourth of October, the Colonel and the guides retired to their tents to participate in a siesta, but as I did not feel any need of such rest, I lounged on the rocky point writing up my notes, and basking in the warm and penetrating rays of the afternoon sun. Everything was so still all around me, that I could not help thinking that I was all alone in the world, and somehow or other when out in the woods like this, it is very difficult to try and picture the civilized world and its thousands of big cities, millions of inhabitants, and terrible humdrum noises. Those more sympathetic thoughts emanating from your true innate nature seems to have a greater influence on the mind and reasoning powers, and this is probably why you learn to know yourself and your fellow men better, on a trip of this kind, than ever before. You see them clothed in their natural state as it is not possible to observe in any other sphere of life. I endeavoured to write and think about the incidents of our trip, but my thoughts always drifted back to the same subject—the strong lure of the wilderness, which sent so many of us to seek the forest, lake and river, for our home, with only the birds and animals as our friends and companions. I was musing in this happy frame of mind, sitting on the rocks on that glorious afternoon, so peaceful and tranquil, when the Colonel came out of the tent, complaining that he could not sleep. Every time he tried to lose himself, he kept thinking of his wife and child far away in Germany, whom he had not heard from for a month before we left Haileybury, and I thought to myself how the natural instinct of my friend had been affected by the same simple touch of

nature, in thinking of his beloved wife and child, which had awakened the finest and purest thoughts within me, but a few moments before and the heart of a human being beat with solace for his friend's discernment. I talked with him and told him that the mail service of foreign countries was oftentimes very bad, as I had had much experience, and then the changing of his address so many times of late, was, no doubt, the cause of his disappointment. I rummaged around in my canvas bag, and brought forth one of Hawthorn's tales, "The House with the Seven Gables," and invited the Colonel to try and read it for a change of thought, which advice I was glad to see he accepted, and in a few minutes afterwards I had the satisfaction of hearing the restful breathing of the Colonel, as he lay fast asleep, under the canvas covering,

very much. We all seemed to be lost in serious thought or communion with our second nature, as an after effect of our afternoon impressions, and it appeared to me that we were mutually 'sharing one another's minds in thinking of the dear ones at home. Both Indians and whitemen were in the same deep reverie, and while I knew perfectly well that we had been affected by that glorious atmosphere, by the side of that lovely sheet of water under a glowing sunset, I felt that the thoughts of leaving it all on the morrow, for our return journey south, was also the subject which made our souls pine with regret—for we had reached the end of our trip north.

With the object of encouraging conversation, I asked Pishabo to tell us the story of the death of the two Cat sisters, one of whom was his wife which sad



STARTING OFF ON OBIKOPA LAKE FROM BARRIERE PORTAGE.

making up for lost time on the previous night.

Again I was left alone on the rock, and this time I had the company of a flock of about twenty ducks, who came swimming round the point into a little bay near by, and although I felt them look upon me with suspicion, as they held an amirated convention over my presence, yet I remained so quiet that I knew I had decoyed them, and although I might have secured my gun, and obtained a choice bird for supper, I had no more courage than a child, nor the least desire to do any killing on that sacred afternoon, when we were enjoying it so much.

At 5.30 we indulged in a "B. B. and T." supper, which we had christened the regular bill of fare, after which our little party sat for some time without saying

event had occurred on the Montreal River some years previous.

Pishabo at the time was resting on one knee, with a fork in one hand and a knife in the other, absent mindedly staring down into the fire when I startled him with this question. He looked up with a little sudden emotion and picking a few small pieces of wood from the ground, threw them cautiously upon the dying embers of the fire, allowing several minutes to elapse before making any effort to respond, during which time, we sat patiently waiting for the recital of an incident which we only had casually heard of, from the Professor. Pishabo after reviving the camp fire to his satisfaction began his story as follows :—

"Well, I'll tell you all I know about it. Me and another Indian some eight years ago married the two Cat sisters and

we all went hunting on the Montreal River together. We brought our wives into the woods with us, like most of the Indians do nowadays when they go hunting, and we built them a small shack to live in and we two hunters would go out for long trips of a week or two at a time, to see our traps. We were lucky that year and before we left the shack on our last trip of the season we told our wives about when we would return, and asked them to be on the 'look-out' for us on that day, as we would fire two shots which would be the signal for them to come out in a canoe and get us from the other shore of the river where we were hunting. It was late in the spring and we didn't know how the ice would be so they could help us to cross over it if it had broken up. We returned on the day we said we would, when it was getting dark in the evening and we fired our guns twice but we could see no one come out of the shack on the other side of the river. I said to my chum 'I think this is queer as we told the women to be ready for us when we came home and its strange they're not here.' We fired another shot or two, then I saw my chum have a funny look about his face and I thought I must keep up his spirits for he was a weak fellow, by telling him that perhaps they were playing a trick on us. Then we untied our packs and cut down some trees and made a kind of a raft and came across the river on it. When we were near the shore I saw two white things fly away from the shack, and I knew that something was up and when we arrived at the house and found one of the dogs there and he wasn't so very hungry and a calendar, one of those you take a sheet off every day had been fixed that morning, we knew the women were in the house that day. Well, it looked pretty bad and I saw the other fellow was taking it pretty hard and I didn't feel very well either, but I knew there was no use to sit around and imagine the worst things we could. I told him we must go out and look around for the women; as I thought I must encourage him so I told him that probably they had gone hunting as they had some traps of their own which they looked after when we were away. Well, it was no use, my

friend started to cry and this made me feel bad too, but anyways (this was a favorite word with Pishabo) we went out to make a search for our wives, and a little while afterwards we came across a shawl, and two hats and then two paddles near the shore, and after that, we saw a canoe upside down in the middle of the river, about a mile below where we were camped. 'Well! I says! Henry!' that was my friend's name, 'the worst has come. I'm afraid our women are gone, and with that we went back to the shack where we cried for a long while, and when I saw my friend was worse than I was I told him we were men and must be brave and have heart as what had happened could not be helped, and we must go and tell the old folks who lived up the Montreal River, some sixty miles away, and they were very old and it would be quite a job to bring them down, as they travelled very slow on snowshoes and anyways, the snow was commencing to get very bad and soft and it would be a good two weeks before they could get down. So we talked and cried all night and next morning we made another search down the river and found one of the bodies and a few days afterwards, came across the other. Then me and my friend went up for the old couple and brought them down to the shack, where we were keeping the bodies, and when we were all together we went down the Montreal River to Temagami carrying the two bodies and we buried them in the cemetery there. 'That's the whole story' finished Pishabo, brusquely, crushing away several tears which had gathered in his large honest looking black eyes, as he remained quietly, sitting on one leg in front of the fire, never having appeared to move a muscle in his body during the recital of the story.

It was never known how the unfortunate drowning accident, if such it was, occurred, and while the two bereaved husbands believed that it was such, there are many old Indians who say today, that suspicion rested upon certain Indians, whose hunting preserves, Pishabo and his friend were trespassing upon.

There is also another story told in connection with this tragedy, which I

also heard of from the Professor. The spirits of these two women are supposed to have appeared to the wife of one of the factors of the Hudson Bay Post where Pishabo and his brother-in-law traded for their winter supplies and near which they resided in the summer, and these spirits continued to hover around the Post for many months afterwards, and were seen by so many Indians, who believed in the occult apparition of the departed women, that an authority from Toronto paid a visit to the fort in question, to make an investigation, but before he arrived there, the phantoms had departed never to return again.

The pathetic manner in which Pishabo related this story proved how, he too, had been affected by that afternoon, as the poor fellow bore traces of sadness in his eyes, as he came to the end of the harrowing tale, and his rendition of it was certainly as fine a piece of weird tale-telling, as we ever listened to. It made its impression upon the Colonel, who, hastily got up from the rock he was sitting upon and with a slightly affected voice commanded a start for the reedy water bays, in quest of Mr. Moose.

Although we thought to start early. Pishabo's story had prolonged our after-noon rest, but nobody complained, and it was not long before I was in the bow of my canoe, with David, pushing off for the shore, and wishing the Colonel "Good luck" and "Au revoir." Nevertheless I could not help thinking of poor Pishabo, and the unfortunate ending of that season's hunting. How long I would have remained in that absent minded state I do not know had it not been for David, suddenly exclaiming "look ! back !" and turning around, I observed that the horizon was offering another grand spectacular display among the clouds. This and the fact that even David, a poor Ojibway, had not failed to take notice of Nature, by drawing my attention to something he considered I was missing, was in itself a most entertaining change of thought.

We had experienced so many fine days, and even nights, that it is almost monotonous to relate, that it was another perfect moonlight night, so peaceful were the whole surroundings, and were it not for

a flock of geese who went whizzing by over our heads, we might have thought that every living creature in that part of the world was dead, but we knew differently, and particularly David, who lost no time in filling the air with a series of moose "calls," as we entered the first bay about four miles from camp.

We visited many other inlets, and then entered a rivulet bordered by a wide expanse of swamp, and here patiently waited and "moose called" for an hour, until I began to chill through to the bones and my teeth chattered, so that I could barely hold myself down in the canoe. Just at that moment, as luck would have it we heard a moose approaching in the woods. How I strove to keep my poor body from trembling and shaking at that momentous moment, when it seemed that the long looked for was at hand, but to no success, and after hearing the occasional grunt of the big fellow in the woods or the cracking of a branch, I could not help thinking of a similar kind of chill I had contracted in an iron mine, in Belgium, about the same time last year, and the thought of two weeks in the hospital, and several months recuperating in England caused me to leave the whole moose family, for David said there must have been more than one near us, and make for home. I paddled with more vim and vigour on that four or five mile stretch for camp than I had ever paddled in my life before, and when we finally reached our destination, through a labyrinth of channels among numerous islands, I was filled with wonderment as to how my guide was able to steer so directly to the spot, as we returned on an entirely different course to that we had taken in starting out.

When we reached the camp, the Colonel and Pishabo had just arrived, and were engaged in building a fire. We told them our story and though the Colonel had returned to camp suffering from what he called "cold indigestion," I could not help suggesting that somebody go back and get the moose we had left in the vicinity of the rivulet, while I hurriedly swallowed two quinine tablets. and a very hot cup of cocoa and bathed in a welcome glow of warmth, sought my couch upon the pine branches as a precautionary measure towards warding

off a cold which I felt I had contracted that night.

The Colonel, Pishabo and David well armed with rifles hastened to the scene of action, and I fell asleep with the hooting of an owl and the distant shrieking of some wolves, not very pleasant neighbors for such a lonely night to help a fellow.

When I was awakened about 2 a. m., the party had returned but, I am sorry to say, without any prize. They had only been rewarded for their midnight adventure, with hearing the guttural conversation of several moose in the woods, and all the calling of David and Pishabo could not make them come into the open.

The disappointed huntsmen, had returned to camp, after suffering similar misery from the cold which I had undergone in the earlier part of the evening. Pishabo maintained that swampy marshes such as we had been stationed in, on such a still evening, which did not seem cold anywhere else in the lake, were oftentimes made so by the dampness arising from the marshes which, penetrate through almost any clothing. He acknowledged himself that he had never been so cold in his life and when asked why the moose had not been sociable that night, he said the reason was to be accounted for in the fact that there must have been a party of two cows and one bull, and the latter must have been of such a gallant nature that he did not care to leave the does to themselves, while he came out into the marsh to gratify any curiosity which he might have as to the cause of the noise, which proceeded from a canoe, with three men prepared to give him a very warm reception.

Notwithstanding it was late when the Indians returned to camp they started a

fire and cooked themselves a hearty meal of bacon before retiring; but the Colonel was played out, and refused to eat, drink or talk, so went to sleep in slightly crusty mood.

Next morning we made an early start for home, after the usual fare for breakfast, and nothing of special interest occurred, until we reached our first portage about eleven o'clock, when we met the war canoe of the Hudson Bay Post, on its way to Lake Abitibi, the same we had met several days previous, on its way south. It was loaded with a heterogeneous stock of supplies, in charge of the Factor of the post, Mr. George Drever, a sturdy looking Scotchman, with a weather beaten tan which would make a pale faced townsman envious.

We enjoyed seeing the six Indians unload the cargo of several tons, and portage it over the land, with a vim and sprightliness which was not characteristic of the Indians, excepting under such circumstances, which filled them with the thoughts of being home, and the surveillance of a strict overseer. The war



UNLOADING THE HUDSON BAY WAR CANOE; THE COLONEL AND MR. DREVER ON THE LEFT.

canoe, some thirty feet in length, was carried by four Indians, and here we obtained some good photos of the party, showing the manner in which they performed their work.

Mr. Drever was accompanied by a young Englishman who had spent eight years of his life, in charge of one of the Hudson Bay posts, on Hudson Bay, and who was proceeding to Abitibi to spend the winter there. From a remark the Factor made, intimating that he was glad to be going Northward once more, and the fact that he will probably not pay the haunts of civilization another visit until next year, set us thinking wherein lay the lure of the solitary life which these

factors spend in their lonely retreats, so far removed from city or town and where they pass their lives in perfect contentment, oblivious to the outside world, and satisfied with their silent surroundings. To my query on the subject the young Englishman replied, that when he first came to Canada to take the position which he now occupies, he only intended to remain a year, but as time sped on he became completely fascinated with the outdoor life and the stillness of the woods and good health made his nature rebel against living in the midst of the incessant noises of cities and towns which so disturbed his rest, when he paid them a visit that he could not stand it with any more comfort and welcomed the hour of his departure on his return to his duties at the post. This is no doubt the secret of the charm which creeps upon one once he has followed the long trail of the great Hudson Bay Company.

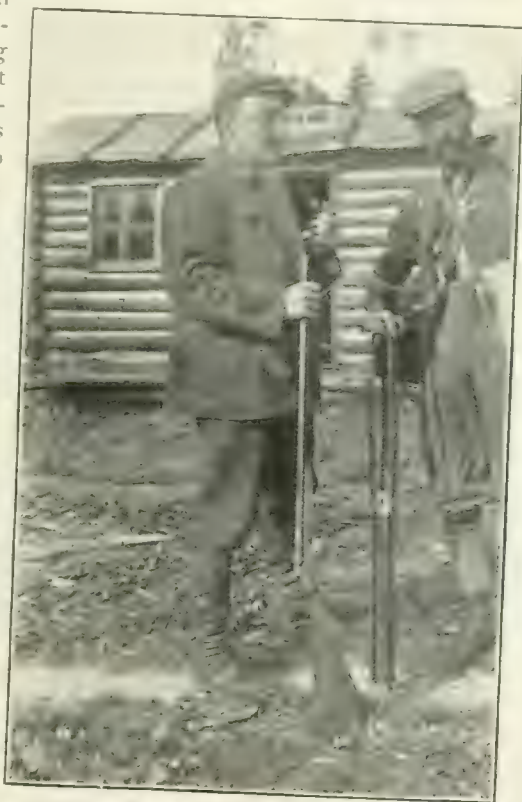
We proceeded on our journey, after our Indians had indulged in a social "pow-pow" of their own, which they invariably held with any Indians we met on the way and we hoped some day to return and visit Lake Abitibi, where we would have the opportunity of accepting the hospitable and kindly invitation of its genial Factor, Mr. Drever, one of the oldest officials of the Hudson Bay Company, to visit him in his log abode in the far North. At noon we reached Revillon Frere's post, and here a fierce hurricane was blowing off the lake, which made it impossible to think of going further that

afternoon, as our frail Peterboroughs, were no match for the huge seas which were washing the shore. We prepared lunch of bread, bacon, and tea, with jam and cheese for dessert, and our appetites, which would put to rest any doubts as to our healthy condition and the benefit we were deriving from the trip, were abnormally disgraceful to behold. It was more than surprising how we "got the eating habit," for by this time we were leading a respectable race with the Indians, whose ability to store away comeatables at the outset of our journey, was one of the interesting spectacles of our repasts.

The Colonel was very fond of calling all hands together for a "palaver" as he called it, to decide questions of doubt, and on this occasion, he had entered the store and talked things over with the storekeeper, McDonald, as to the prospects of our getting a moose somewhere around the post; it we were to be made prisoners, for any length of time by the wind. The agent must have filled him with various suggestions, for presently he summoned us in the store, where we made an interesting picture, sitting on bags and boxes in the full enjoyment of an after dinner cigar smoke.

While the Colonel, the agent and I, were thus engaged, Pishabo put in an appearance, and sat on the soap box near the door, and looked as serious and glum as if we were going to decide a question of life and death.

"Now Pishabo," said the Colonel,—



THE COLONEL AND THE PROFESSOR IN FRONT OF REVILLON FRERE'S POST.

"we want to have a palaver, as to where we will go for the night's hunting."

"Yes," drawled out Pishabo, who looked steadily down on the floor, without saying another word, evidently leaving it for the agent, or someone else, to open the subject.

We all sat there in that little store for over five minutes, without a word being said. The Colonel looked over at me and we both seemed to realize how ridiculous was the situation, and although it was very difficult to keep from laughing we were both compelled to do so under the circumstances as we naturally shared the same thought, in wondering how long it would be before either the agent, or Pishabo would say a word. It finally became apparent to the Colonel that if we were to have such a night's hunt, as he proposed, that he must do the talking, so he broke the ice and started the ball, but throughout the whole discussion we never got more than a few short syllabic responses from Pishabo, who generally was quite talkative, but on this occasion, he seemed to feel a great diffidence against offering any opinion, and what is more never did; and the question of the night's hunt had to be decided by the Colonel, the agent and myself.

The Colonel and I talked the matter over afterwards, and we both thought how strange the conduct of Pishabo was, but came to the conclusion it was nothing more than another of the many traits of the Indian, who on all occasions of this kind seem to do more thinking, than talking.

We proposed to go down the lake a short distance and from there take a portage into a series of three small lakes, upon one of which Aulie had made a great gold discovery, which had created considerable excitement during the middle of the past summer, but for some reason or other work had been stopped, and the discoverers, or prospectors, were absent from the mine.

It was late in the afternoon when we got to our camp, but we decided to make the portage after supper with the aid of a lantern which we had borrowed from McDonald. This was to be another new experience in hunting the moose

with the aid of a coal oil lamp, which certainly did seem odd in its way.

At supper it rained so hard that we had to seek the shelter of our tents, with the usual frugal meal deluged in heavy rain drops, the first unpleasant experience of the kind since our start from Haileybury, and when we were thinking of giving up our prospecting night hunt the clouds cleared away, and the night turned quite fine for the adventure.

We made our way over the half mile portage, the two Indians carrying the canoes on their heads, and we followed with our lantern, rifles and mackintoshes, for the bush was still quite wet.

We reached a small river about the same size as all the others we had encountered, and taking to the canoes commenced a very pleasant paddle for over two miles, through what we thought was an excellent feeding ground for moose. But, notwithstanding that the appearance of everything was most favorable, we heard nothing, and saw less, as the Irishman would say, and after patiently patrolling the lake, about three miles long, and entering the next one to it, which we reached by going over a small portage, using the lantern to light our way, we returned to camp about eleven o'clock where we indulged in a supper of mockturtle soup, bread and chocolate, and retired to our tents, about midnight, as a heavy rain shower was beginning to fall.

Sleeping now was merely the act of rolling up in our blankets, without any further effort on our part. But how we did enjoy those sound sleeps in the bush! and think of the hours of rolling and pitching about on a comfortable feather down mattress, under the shelter of a palatial brick or stone city house to induce the same effect. But, if today we are troubled with such fits of insomnia, our thoughts can go back to those nights in the woods of Northern Ontario, where the hooting of the owl or the hideous howling of the wolf, never offered the slightest disturbance to our peaceful slumbers, which stored us up with so much energy and strength for the morrow's exercise and test of endurance in paddling thirty to forty miles, or walking a sixteen mile portage, which is no mean work for a

tenderfoot sportsman, or even an able bodied athlete.

It was always surprising to see how much we ate at breakfast, for it appeared to us that eating such a hearty and bountiful supper the night before, we would not be hungry in the morning, and like many other theories on this trip, we often found ourselves surmising the wrong way, for now we never stopped at a big tin plate full of cereal, four or five slices of bacon, a thick slice of bread, and sometimes two, then one or two large bowls of hot black tea, invariably overdrawn and very strong after which we would walk away from the camp fire, thinking it was better to do so, with a vacancy for more, than be guilty of such a thing as overeating.

The next morning the weather showed not a sign of the inclemency of the night before, and it was another perfect day to add to the long list, which had smiled upon us all the way, and as we left our camping grounds we had deep feelings of gratitude for we had a big day's paddling ahead of us, and

some very wide and dangerous stretches of lake to get over, in any one of which, we would have experienced a very difficult time, it a strong wind sprung up while we were crossing them. We had been warned of the treacherous conditions of Long Lake, and fully realized them the day before when we saw what havoc the wind had made of the now perfectly calm sheet of water, over which it was such a delight to paddle in the full scene of woodland beauty.

MacDonald had told us, that we were the only party he had seen in ten days, outside the Abitibi Indians, with their war canoe, so we were not surprised to see the big lake completely deserted, as

far as the eye could reach in the distance, and the lake was so straight we could cover a vista of ten or fifteen miles. There was one amusing incident that morning. We had stopped near the shore for a few minute's rest, which we occasionally took to limber up our stiffened legs, by throwing flat stones out upon the water, or having a good smart run on the beach. We had taken to the canoes after one of these exercises, in which honours in the stone throwing competition were divided. When I asked the Colonel if he would troll a little, in order to test the fishing reputation of the lake, he said he did not think it worth while, and with that, I dropped my line in the water, and in about two seconds pulled out a two pound pike. This was

too much for the Colonel who followed my example, and in almost as quick time brought up another pike of about the same weight. Then we trolled for over an hour and never got another thing, not even a bite. This made the Colonel pensive for a moment or two, then he made public the result of his deep



SKIPPING STONES ON THE WATER FOR EXERCISE.

reverie, figuring up that we had shot two ducks, two partridges, and killed two pike, and as our party was made up of two Indians, two white men and two canoes, and it was the second day of the month, we were evidently doing everything on the mathematical problem of two, which certainly did seem a peculiar circumstance of calculation.

By noon we had paddled seventeen miles, and were very much pleased with our morning's work as we had passed over some of the worst stages of our return journey.

It was late in the afternoon, when we entered the Lonely River, and being somewhat fatigued with our day's exer-

tion we found this nine mile river somewhat monotonous before we finally reached Barrier Lake, although the river was really beautiful, with the afternoon sun shining down upon it. The moose stench which we had encountered on the way up was gone, the cause of it evidently being relished by the ravenous wolves of the district.

That evening we camped upon an ideal point on Barrier Lake, and it being likely to be our last night in camp, we decided to build a huge bonfire, and enjoy its sparkling shadows on the water and a restful lounge by its side. But how little did we know ourselves, it took more than a bonfire, possibly nothing but the expectations of a moose, to keep us awake, and the Colonel had hardly taken time to finish his cigar than he turned in for the night, and I thought I would do the same, for I could hardly keep my eyes open. Yet I did so want to enjoy that camp fire that I turned up both flaps of the tent, and thought to be able to look at it from my couch while rolled up in my blanket, but it was no use; the blazing logs, the lurid glare, and the dancing shadows all faded away from me, and although I tried to listen to a pack of wolves making the night hideous with their howling, on the opposite shore of the lake, and at the same time watch the blazing logs, I hopelessly fell asleep, and never awoke until morning.

Another day of sublime Indian Summer weather, although the sky was slightly o'er cast with a few threatening clouds, which fortunately passed away before we broke camp and entered our canoes for the day's work.

I had a most unfortunate mishap that morning while endeavouring to take a picture of our camp site; it was so pretty. I was in the act of balancing my tri-pod alongside a canoe some feet away from the shore when we both (the camera and I), tumbled into the lake. The ducking was nothing to me, but the poor camera was a wreck, over which I felt sorely disappointed, as I was reserving a number of films for the last day of our excursion, which were to include a few favorite poses of my guide David, which I knew would interest many of my friends. The Colonel thought it was well we had

some disappointments in life to make us better appreciate the sweets of dame Fortune, or else we would grow weary of those things for which we should feel duly grateful.

It will never be known whether the Colonel was glad that the camera was now a thing of the past, for it seems to me that a camera fiend among a party of sportsmen is a perfect nuisance, although my camera was one with which I did not have to ask too much indulgence in posing, for I could take subjects on the "move," as well as stationary, but, nevertheless, there were times when I had to trespass upon the good graces of the Colonel to gather the canoes together, or call in the members of our forces to have their photos taken, which I know is always fully compensated for in the hereafter, by the presentation of copies of the pictures in question, even though the cost to the donor is oftentimes a cause for running up an unpaid bill at some studio in town. No one ever thinks of forgetting to ask you for a copy of a group picture in which he or she may form one of the distinguished subjects, and it is a mean amateur who will not readily promise to fill the request; and a hero if he ever complies with it.

A long necked loon inquisitively gazed at us from a short range and the Colonel could not resist saluting him with a shot which fell many feet away from where the bird was seen to make a sudden summersault and disappear from view. After waiting patiently for several minutes for his reappearance, the Colonel said, "there is no use waiting any longer as his body will not now rise to the surface for nine days."

I told the Colonel that I never heard of birds remaining under water, after being shot, for that length of time, but I was fully assured that if he was hit at all he was probably so full of lead that he would remain at the bottom of the lake to feed the fishes.

"Well he would be no use to us anyway" satisfactorily soliloquized the Colonel, which remark caused me to smile with a knowing nod at Pishabo.

This incident led Pishabo to tell of an interesting experience which happened to Dr. Barlow's surveying party with whom



PACKING THE OUTFIT OVER THE PORTAGE DANSEM.

he was guiding the preceding year. They were camping on a lake in the vicinity when they came across a young loon, which had not, as yet, learned the art of diving. They captured and kept him in captivity for a few days, feeding him on the best in the camp and then they allowed him his liberty but he refused to take advantage of it and prepared to hang around the camp and sleep in the canoes at night. The party had to move on to another lake and took their camp

pet with them but in time he proved such an uncleanly nuisance that they decided to return him to the lake on which they had captured him on their way out, and thinking he would go to his mother if he saw her, they deposited him in the water quite near

her and they hastily paddled back to camp so that he could not gain on them. The next morning their pet was on the shore close to their camp, endeavouring to climb into one of the canoes and they never got rid of him till they left the lake for good.

This was the first time we ever heard of a loon being made so tame and Pishabo agreed with us, that it was quite uncommon, although the gulls of which we met quite a number on the various Northern lakes, are just the opposite, and can

be tamed quite easily. We had one which was in the habit of coming to our tent every morning, and evening, and eating almost anything we would throw at him. One day we thought to see how much he really could eat and kept throwing him pieces of fish and bread until we actually became alarmed at the enormous extent of his eating capacity and quick mastication. However we finally had the satisfaction of seeing the gull become very ill and discard almost half of what



LEAVING GREEN ISLAND ON BARRIER LAKE.

he had swallowed, but disgusting as it may seem to mention it he immediately started to eat his own vomit which came up again several times and was likewise eaten before he finally kept it down in his stomach. His illness prevented us from giving

him any more food on that occasion and so he flew away.

On the way up we had camped on a small island for lunch where I had made the discovery of a lot of fine wooden floats, used in connection with fishing nets, which we presumed had been left there by some Indians and consequently were of no use, so we made our fire with them and they answered the purpose splendidly and saved our men considerable wood chopping, but as we passed this Island on our downward journey we found

a narrow neck of the lake near it literally covered with nets. We counted over eight of them and could see no sign of the fishermen until we had gone on several miles when we met the most picturesque looking couple of our whole trip—an old squaw fully seventy years of age in appearance and so feeble looking that you would hardly think she could lift a paddle, yet here she was proving the contrary, sitting in the stern of a very large birch bark canoe with bent back and deeply wrinkled and shriveled up face while in the bow was a little Indian girl about six or seven years of age. Here those two lonely canoeists were on their way to lift the nets. How they ever did it was certainly a mystery to us and even Pishabo wondered at the undertaking by such an apparently helpless couple. Yet the Indians are deceptive in appearance and belie their age. Further on we passed the Indian encampment from whence the old squaw had come and observed two Indians with a lot of young children running about the shore. Why the latter had not gone to their nets instead of the old woman and child we could not surmise.

During the morning we covered half the distance to Klock's farm, but when we regained our seats in our canoes in the afternoon and entered Quinze Lake, having a fine shot at a pugnacious fox sitting on the side of Barrier River and several owls and ducks, it was not long before we perceived we were up against one of the worst navigable propositions of our trip. Klock's farm was within twelve miles, or about three hours paddle, but the lake was a seething mass of billows and white crests and a furious gale was blowing dead against us. We took advantage of every little island we could get behind, but when we were finally forced to face the elements upon the broad open, we had all we could do to keep the canoes from swamping, particularly in one part of the lake where such a disagreeable accident meant more than a submersion; as there was little hope of ever reaching land, even though we were the best of swimmers, did such a melancholy catastrophe overcome us. After we had passed over the first open expanse of water, I thought the Colonel

had had enough of it, but when I saw him heading to go through another similar experience, I consulted my own safety first, and at the risk of capsizing within an eighth of a mile from land, in turning the canoe partly sideways to the huge waves, we headed for shore.

At that time our canoes were half full of water and we were soaked through to the skin. A few minutes afterwards I saw the Colonel having a tough time, and I was more anxious for him than myself, as I felt that if the canoe swamped he was beyond our assistance. However, I was glad to see him follow our course and turn shoreward, and it was a good thing he did, for the wind shortly afterwards increased to a hurricane, and then a squall, and we never would have survived five minutes in such a sea. We both felt it was a lucky stroke in getting near shore, or the end of that day might have been the end of all things of us, and particularly such an enjoyable and pleasant outing.

The wind abated about five o'clock, and within half an hour we landed at Klock's farm, and joined the same group of Indians we had left there on our way up, and with them enjoyed a hearty supper.

That night we slept in the farm house, and the next morning arose bright and early, for our sixteen mile portage to North Temiskaming. During the night the lonely hunter with his little dog, whom we had passed on our way up Lonely River, arrived about midnight, and slept on the wharf. He had been more successful than we were, for he had a splendid moose-head, but he had not gone half the distance we had and was therefore able to have more time for hunting.

We bid good-bye to the kind and hospitable guardian at Klock's farm, and began our long march over the portage, in such excellent condition, physically and every other way, that we enjoyed every bit of the walk, and particularly the interesting story of the lonely hunter, from Ohio, who had experienced a very miserable time with a youthful Indian guide to whom he had been recommended by one of the cunning storekeepers in the village, where we had gone through our

first experience of downright imposition in the hauling of our supplies over the sixteen mile portage. He fortunately was able to pick up another Indian on the way, or else, he would never have been so successful. Among the interesting things which he told us about his guide was that of his being afraid to sleep in a tent alone at night, which caused me to think of the night I was compelled to do so, but what there was for an Indian to be afraid of, our travelling companion could not explain.

North Temiskaming was reached at noon, where we partook of our last open air meal, after which I found the Colonel busily engaged writing on some note paper. "What are you doing Colonel?" I asked.

"Writing down some impressions for my wife," he replied. "I have just told her how one feels so good under the influence of this simple life, and how one can go through so much and yet be in perfect health and contentment, while sleeping and eating outdoors."

Thus you see how favorably impressed was my German companion, over the delights and pleasures of our outing.

We called upon the Rev. Mr. Evain and heard his interesting tale of missionary work among the Indians of this diocese. This reverend gentlemen, during the summer months, covers over two thousand miles in canoe, to look after the spiritual welfare of some twelve hundred Indians in the reserve. He had just returned from a trip to Lake Abitibi, and brought with him two very excellent photographs, which we were fortunate enough to obtain copies of, one of which represents a group of over three hundred papooses in their wooden cradles, gathered together for Baptism, at the H. B. post, and the other, that of an Indian carrying his crippled wife upon a pole, the latter being paralyzed in the lower limbs.

The Reverend Mr. Evain who belongs to the Oblat Order from France, has been engaged in this work for several years and seems to love it beyond any other occupation of the church, for he has taken to the Indians and the rugged life of the woods to such an extent, that a monastery, or cloister, would now be a prison to him. He spoke of the very

high moral character of the Indians in his district, and their respect for the obligations of the Catholic Church as well as the fulfillment of the duties that religion imposed upon them. There was, however one regrettable feature about the Aborigines with whom he mingled, and whose language he spoke as fluently as French or English, and that was the great ravages of tuberculosis among them, which was gradually reducing their number making life pitiable among them as the disease has now become so prevalent, that few families are free from its terrible effects.

Want of proper nourishment, carelessness in living together when suffering from the scourge in its advanced state, and their complete resignation to the final ending, is responsible for its great spread among them.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, after being hospitably entertained by Mr. Foran, of Murray and Foran's store of general merchandise, who did much to offset the imposition which we had been subjected to on our way up, for which he was in no way responsible, we bid adieu to North Temiskaming and the great Northland of New Ontario, but it was with the pangs of sincere regret that we left the land, which had given us so much real true sport, even though we were returning without a moose or a bear—only the living reminiscences of the trip which can never be effaced from our memories.

We landed in Haileybury about five o'clock on the fourth day of October, the day set apart for our return, and found the little town as lively and busy as ever, and many new buildings were in evidence which had been erected during our short absence.

The Colonel was the first to leave us in the evening to retire to his bed saying he was very sleepy and would certainly have "a good night's rest." He little knew what was in store for him. It unfortunately happened that the parlor or sitting room of our hotel had been turned into a bedroom, and a piano, lounge and a few plush covered chairs were moved into the corridor, almost outside his door. About the time he expressed a desire to turn in for the night, two young ladies and a gentlemen were

gathering around the piano and as I went by to my room in a higher story of the hotel, I heard one of the ladies ask the other if she could sing.

"Oh, do please give us a song, I am so very fond of singing," added the gentleman.

"Well," replied the singer "I really do not know very much but I will do the best I can," and with that she sat on the piano stool, and it being Sunday, she commenced to sing "There is a land that is fairer than day" which was followed by a more mournful rendition of "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

The piano was tuned about as good as one finds in a country hotel where every other key is generally out of order and the singer's voice resembled that of a leader of a very remote Sunday school choir. As I entered my room I could not help smiling to myself as I thought of the Colonel, who was very musical, and wondered how he would get his "quiet rest," with the awful singing outside his door. This concert was kept up till about eleven o'clock, the programme being varied with occasional piano solos of dance music, and college songs in which the unmusical trio joined in the choruses which with the untuned piano might be apt to give one the impression of a canine serenade on a moonlight night—and a very unmelodious one at that. That night we found it difficult to sleep in a hot close confined room, and not one of the three sportsmen, for we had the lonely hunter with us, was able to obtain a proper rest, and it was amusing to hear each relate the same tale of restlessness at the breakfast table next morning.

A few days afterwards, the Colonel and I shook hands on the station platform of Temagami over two magnificent moose heads, which good fortune had favoured us with in the Government Park, and had we the right to kill more we could have carried out all our promises to our friends. This wonderful story of our trip to the Northland of the sister Province, has come to an end and if the public is to hear of our other experiences it must be told by the Colonel whose reputation as a writer in Germany has already been made. Now that I have

introduced him in Canada, he will be no stranger when such a tale finds its way into our Canadian annals of sporting literature.

An Explanation From Murray City.

Mr. John J. Foran (Messrs. Murray & Foran) writes from Murray City, Que. under date of May 26th:—"It was with pleasurable anticipation that we opened up the April number of "Rod and Gun" as we were anxious to read from Mr. Carrel's pen what we expected would prove a very graphic and telling description of a trip up in our country. We are pleased to say that our anticipations were fully realized. Mr. Carrel certainly gives us a most interesting story, making us feel a little lonesome that we do not enjoy the pleasures afforded by the presence of such gentlemen more often.

But the stricture, "Murray City is a good place to keep away from" is rather severe, though we will admit that twenty-four dollars was an excessive charge for a trip over Klock's Road and perhaps in the past, the Paleface saw to it that the Indian guide charged a pretty high figure for his service. These things, however, we beg to assure your readers, have changed since Murray & Foran "have come to town."

In regard to the trip over the portage on enquiry we are told that Mr. Campbell made a bargain to pay \$1.50 per one hundred pounds, which was a mistake, and Murray City is not the only place in the world where a "bargain is a bargain." You can say for us that our customers need have no fear of a repetition of any such charge.

In regard to the question of guides. We certainly agree with Mr. Carrel that some guides are not worth \$3.00 per day and some are pretty nearly useless. Of the latter kind there are very few in our district. There are men living here who are worth more than \$3.00 per day. There is a tendency on the part of the Easterner not to appreciate the worth of these men at their true value. Every move seems to come so natural to them, their knowledge of the country, their coolness, and adroitness in handling a

canoe, and their strength and willingness on the portage are all taken as matters of course. There are guides here for whose general services \$3.00 per day is a small wage, and we feel that in all fairness we can convince any tourist or prospector of that fact.

Now to conclude, we will say that having a very large land and other interest here, we feel very keenly any criticism of the place and its merchants, and while we know full well that Mr. Carrel certainly had not Murray & Foran in mind when he spoke of "extortion" still we feel it incumbent on us to insist that

no such charge can be made against us even in the smallest particular; and that as far as Murray City is concerned we will not stand for any such thing. Further we are in position to cater to the complete wants of both the tourist and prospector, even to the celebrated portage over Klock's Road.

Let the tourist and prospector who wants to reach the north, by far away the most satisfactory route, come in by Murray City. They will find a firm here who think that a satisfied customer is better business, than the present gain by excessive charge."

The Late Mr. David Taylor.

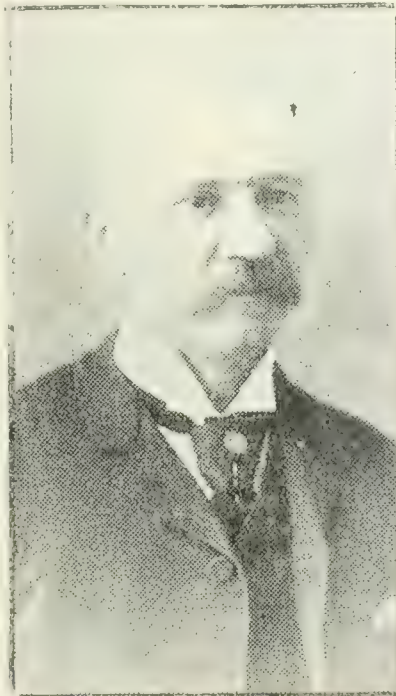
MANY of our readers will hear with regret of the death of Mr. David Taylor, of Montreal, who was a regular and valued contributor to our pages. Mr. Taylor was one of the highest and best authorities in the Dominion on the subject of dogs and could write about his favorites in a style that was nothing less than fascinating. His articles on dogs were read with the deepest interest by a wide circle, for everything appearing under his name on dogs was recognized as the words of one who wrote with authority on the subject. His kindly interest extended to all dumb animals but dogs were his delight and he knew more about them and their ways than falls to the lot of most men. Possessing a full knowledge of his subject he likewise had the ability of presenting that knowledge in a style at once plain and interesting to the general reader.

Mr. Taylor was a native of Stonehaven, Scotland, and came to Canada in 1873, having organized a colony of farmers on behalf of the New Brunswick Govern-

ment. The colony was successful and the place where they settled has since become one of the most enterprising sections of the Eastern Provinces. He remained with the colony until the people had established themselves thoroughly when he made his way to Montreal. In that city he became connected with news-

paper work and printing and it was in these fields of labor that he passed the remainder of his life. His relaxations were found in his dog studies. He proved himself a public spirited citizen of no mean caliber and alike in home, church, and social life set a high standard which gained him hosts of friends. His death, which took place on May 21st last at Montreal, means the severance of many ties, not the least of which is that our readers will not enjoy the pleasure of perusing any further contributions from his pen. The man who loves and knows much of dogs cannot fail to be a good citizen and the world could well

spare many others better than the kindly lovable gentleman who was in so marked a manner a friend of the dogs.



Our Vanishing Deer.

A Few Words from Dr. Murdoch.

I have no desire to trespass further on your valuable space. And until our friends who advocate and practice the use of dogs in hunting deer answer my arguments in my late article there is no need. But let me say that *assertion is not argument*. Take for example this extraordinary statement made by Mr. La Fleche: "I can positively state without fear of contradiction that more destruction of game is brought about by still hunting, and that it is the most barbarous way of killing deer, and I do know that still hunting is doing more to exterminate our deer than hunting with hounds." There is simply no use arguing with a man who writes like that; opposing his mere private and interested opinion against the universal verdict of sportsmen outside Ontario and Quebec.

Then *personal abuse and misstatement of the position of an opponent is not argument*. Mr. La Fleche's caricature of the still hunter is most maliciously unfair. See on page 1053 where the still hunter is represented as "hiring men" (according to Mr. F. still hunters are mean, contemptible, "liver-eating wretches who don't hire anyone; (see page 1053), to replace the hounds to chase the game towards the hunters;" and "with horns" (why not say a brass band at once) "rifles and shouts drive slowly etc."

What does Dr. Franklin Hawley, the gifted author of those interesting and valuable articles on "Scientific Deer Hunting" think of such a description of a "still" (?) hunter, or being characterized as one of the "selfish still hunters" who "hate dogs," creeping like a tiger through the bush;" "killing them in cold blood in any possible way," etc., etc.? Surely this is a most unfair and unlovely spirit in which to write of brother sportsmen!

I was pleased to find in Mr. Arthur Calbeck a Game Warden who is doing his duty in being a "terror to evil doers." More power and good pay to such men.† But even friend Calbeck has a quiet fling

at your humble servant: "I would like to ask the Rev. gentleman how many deer he has shot and wounded and never got." Now that is a most proper question; but why add the insinuation that I was trying to cover up something by saying, "He takes good care not to tell that, part." Well, the question never occurred to me but I shall willingly comply with the request. Just *two*; and that was when I was a boy, using (I had to trap fur to pay for it) a cheap double barrel on which no dependence could be placed when using bullets. In one case I was walking along the edge of a "slashing" which skirted an old clearing. A deer suddenly raised its head within thirty yards of me. I had a bad attack of buck fever right there; though I still retained sense enough to aim at the slender neck. I merely grazed the skin, as I could find only a few drops of blood; and the deer escaped practically uninjured.

The other case was a fool trick which I have not yet ceased to regret. I was out after partridge, as the boys called the grouse, with a pretty little spaniel (I wonder if anyone ever saw a man who loved the woods and did not love a dog) my companion on many a happy day. The little chap had got off quite a piece and started up a deer. It ran past me; and I was thoughtless enough to fire at it with a gun loaded with bird shot! I hit it I am sorry to say; just how severely I cannot tell. I am now sixty-five, and have hunted ever since I could carry a gun, hunted in what was once one of the grandest deer countries in Ontario; but with these two exceptions to the best of my knowledge and belief *I never lost a wounded deer*. And I might add that I never had a deer run more than one hundred yards after I hit it, except on one occasion; and that is so interesting a case that sometime I will relate the circumstances as a warning to some of our younger sportsmen.

Soon after the last incident I became the happy possessor of a rifle, one of the

†Game Wardens should be paid so well as not to need to act as guides. "No man can serve two masters."

six hundred captured from the Kentucky riflemen at the battle of Queenston Heights. It had a long barrel and a full length birdseye maple stock; it was carefully sighted. And it is not boasting to say that with it I became a dead shot. It carried 44 round bullets to the pound; and as I used Curtis & Harvey's Diamond Dust (you can't get such powder now) the rifle cracked like a whip and sent the bullet just where I held. I have always tried to pick my shots, and have let many a deer go by because I was not sure of a killing shot. Unless I can shoot to kill I will not shoot at all. I do not see how any man can go back to camp and feel at ease in his mind when he knows that by careless shooting a deer is lying in some thicket suffering from a grievous wound.

Now, I want to say just a word more: The question under discussion is not the faults and failings, the virtues and the excellencies either of the men who hunt with hounds or the men who hunt without them. Some of my warmest friends and best woodsmen I know of are not only accomplished and scientific still hunters, but love the music of the hounds. Let it be said also, that on the score of humanity little objection could be taken to hounding if it were carried on as it once was during the comparatively warm month of October. Deer readily take to the waters of a lake near which they have spent the summer under such circumstances. The guide drives the canoe containing our friend close up to the swimming deer, so close that it is impossible for the poorest shot to fail to kill the deer before the chamber of his sixteen shooter is entirely empty. The deer certainly cannot escape wounded. I never shot a deer that way, nor would I do so. It is not giving the deer a "square deal." But it is not cruel. It is a very different proposition in cold November weather when the lake is encircled with ice. A deer will then take the water only after a hard run.

Let it be said, too, that there are careless still hunters who will take chances, and blaze away so long as they can see a disappearing flag. There are men who stand on the runways who do habitually

the same thing. There are men of both classes who are careful and considerate and who are grieved if they wound and lose a deer. I want to say further that no one has yet tried to answer even *two points* in my recent article: *Why have our brother sportsmen, outside Ontario, and in a restricted sense Quebec, why have they found it absolutely necessary to relinquish hounding.* Why is it that in every locality where hounding has been stopped the deer have multiplied? Why does Mr. Jenner in his interesting article on Nova Scotia in speaking of the game of that Province more than holding its own, use these words: "The dogger is virtually extinct in the Province, *thank God.*" (*Italics mine.*)

No one has tried to answer my contention, whose truth everyone will admit, that a trained hound will follow deer into, and route them out of *swamps* and *windfalls* and *tangled thickets* where the most skilful hunter would not try to find them.

I think I can claim to be actuated in what I have written, only by a desire to see the deer preserved for all our hunters. I have no personal interest in the matter. (Can those who have been so personal in their remarks say the same?) I do not expect to shoot another deer. The sights on my rifle do not stand out so sharp and clear as they once did; and I would scorn to use a shotgun in hunting deer. But I love the autumn woods and am sorry to see the deer vanishing from extensive grounds that are still, and always will be, admirably adapted to their habits and requirements.

Even from the standpoint of the Guide I believe it would be to his interest to have hounding stopped. Where one guide is now employed, a dozen would then be needed. Take for example the Club with which Mr. Annis is connected. If these gentlemen had to still hunt exclusively, each one, or at most each two, would have to have a guide. Guiding would then become, as it is in Maine and New Brunswick a recognized and well paid profession. Anyway let us have a fair and manly discussion, leaving out personal abuse and unworthy insinuations.

Official Experiences of anti-Hounding Laws.

BY C. H. WILSON.

AS a member of one of the Protective Associations to which allusion is made by Mr. La Fleche, in his article on "Our Vanishing Deer," in the May number of your Magazine, I wish to congratulate the gentleman on his able indictment of those who use what is considered the world over as unfair and unsportsmanlike methods in the taking of big game.

I must protest against his classification of these methods, especially regarding still hunting, and make the inquiry, "why hunting game driven by other methods than dogging should be called still hunting, any more than those driven by dogs; and in his classification why does he omit salt lick slaughter from still hunting class, or his own favorite method of taking game?"

The inference is easily reached that the gentleman needed just that dog-substitute-addition to still hunting to be able to hit that class of hunters a body blow, for practically all his other objections to still hunting pure and simple, are formidable objections to his own methods.

An advocate holding a brief against unsportsmanlike methods of taking game, loses an immense amount of power before the tribunal to which he presents his brief, by upholding at the same time, any other method not sportsmanlike, especially if he uses the former to support the latter.

Let us look briefly at laws enacted for the protection of game on the continent of North America, and in considering these laws, keep in mind that they were enacted not for any class of hunters but for the preservation of the game for the enjoyment of all the people, not only in the chase and for food, but as delightful gratification to the eye, in beholding some of the grandest and most noble of the Creator's handiwork.

Practically all of the States of the North and West have comparatively small areas of forests where big game thrive, have adopted laws for its protec-

tion, which prohibit the taking of game by "Crusting," the use of "Salt Licks," "Shining" or "Jack-Lighting," as well as "Hounding." This may also be said of British Columbia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, while the larger Provinces of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba have regulations regarding use and possession of dogs during the close season.

Vermont, with these wholesome laws, in less than twenty years, from a small planting of deer by an organization of sportsmen, now have so many deer that farmers are troubled by their presence in their gardens and cultivated fields; yet they allow still hunting during the open season.

New Hampshire, a great resort for tourists, annually gives a liberal supply of deer to the still hunter whose only privilege in the pursuit of same is to put his own skill against the fleet foot and keen sense of the deer.

Maine, at one time not long ago had few deer and fewer moose, yet today she is the banner State for deer, has an anti-hounding law and furnishes annually about fifteen thousand deer to the sportsmen who visit her to shoot big game.

Perhaps no State makes quite the positive showing regarding the increase of deer under the anti-hounding law as does that of New York. In 1895, the Superintendent of Forests reports that out of four thousand nine hundred deer killed in that year, the number killed by hounding was two thousand nine hundred and seventy-four. In 1896 total number killed was five thousand four hundred and seventy-two; total killed by hounding was two thousand nine hundred and sixty-four. It will be noticed that these figures do not agree with the statement, regarding the actual causes for decrease in big game, as made by Mr. La Fleche.

In the State Report of 1899, the Chief Protector makes the following statement:

"I wish to make special mention of the anti-hounding law and its excellent

result as a protective measure. I can assure the public that this law that has only been in force three years, has resulted in at least a fifty per cent increase of deer in the Adirondacks. It is growing in favor every year and should remain permanently on the statute books."

In 1900 the Superintendent of Forests, after giving the figures regarding shipments of deer for that year, adds:

"This indicates that more deer are now killed by still hunting than when hounding and jacking deer were permitted."

In 1901, he again reports the shipment of deer to have increased.

The State Report of 1902 says: "One of the best evidences of the value of protection is furnished by the marked increase in the number of deer secured by hunters in the Adirondack region annually. In spite of all predictions to the contrary the herds of deer have steadily grown, and though the army of hunters is continually increasing, as shown by the heavy travel to the woods during the hunting season, the inroads made yearly have not appreciably diminished the number of these animals within the State's Forest Domain."

The last report of the Department regarding total number of deer shipped from Adirondack stations during 1906, show the largest approximate number of deer ever reported in any one year. A splendid endorsement of the law and its supporters!

It may be stated in passing that the anti hounding law was placed on the statute books of New York State in 1896, having the support of a large percentage of the so-called protective element of the State, being advocated by a large number of business men resident in the Adirondacks, and having the endorsement of the Department of Forest, Fish and Game at Albany, yet not without the bitter resistance on the part of

those who have been in opposition (under cover or otherwise) to most of the restrictive legislation regarding protection of fish and game.

This does not agree with the gentleman's statement regarding just who are opposed to the use of dogs in pursuit of big game, and is further controverted by the endorsement of the anti-hounding law by the guides of the Beaver River country at a recent meeting of the Guides' Association at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Mr. La Fleche would have us believe that all the rash and unsportsmanlike acts are committed by the still hunter and that only the users of dogs possess the patent of nobility. What rot! In the old days of dogging deer in New York, the writer has seen deer in transportation accompanied by dog-using sportsmen that showed no sign of bullet or shot wound, that had been knocked on the head by clubs carried in the boats for that purpose; others with horns absent, the result of similar treatment; while others were seen with legs broken by bullets, and still others with bullet perforations elsewhere than in the head.

It is unfortunate for the protective interests that a gentleman with such wide experience as has Mr. La Fleche, a sportsman of thirty-five years, having had his full share of sport with big game, cannot give his fellows credit for fairness, and admit that perhaps the judgment of the citizens of so many States and Provinces regarding these matters is as good as his own, and that a careful investigation of Departments interested, show that the use of dogs in the pursuit of big game is a great menace to the future supply of the same, and should be prohibited. And this is said with the greatest kindness, for the writer of this article has never still hunted, has never used dogs in pursuit of big game, and while he has enjoyed them all in their wild state, has killed none.

Why Our Deer are Vanishing.

A Reply to Mr. J. A. Hope.

BY J. W. MISNER.

IN the April number of your interesting Magazine, I have just read an article entitled, "Why Our Deer are Vanishing," by Mr. John Arthur Hope.

I have been a reader of "Rod and Gun" for years, and must confess that I have never seen its readers called on to digest an article so bristling with inconsistent and erroneous fallacies. As this is a question affecting the privileges of men in legitimate sport, and believing you, Mr. Editor, to be broad minded enough to give both sides of the question equal prominence, I crave space as far as brevity will permit to call the attention of your readers to some of the absurd, misleading, far-from-fact statements, which the author asks us to accept as established facts and golden truths.

He speaks as an authority as to what the intentions of the great Creator were, and proceeds to argue that the wolf, the most destructive and relentless plunderer our forests contain, is a much libeled individual.

He says he has been studying the book of Nature for years. I would advise him to continue to study it, and perhaps in time he will know all about it.

This great book of Nature is a wonderful study. It has enlightened Mr. Hope, so he is able to declare that "if there were no wolves, there could be no deer, for the deer would deteriorate and become extinct." This information coming direct from a reliable authority like Mr. Hope, it behoves our Government to see that the Algonquin Park, and all other game preserves in the Province are liberally stocked with wolves at the very earliest moment. Why not? We have it on the high authority of Mr. Hope that "the idea that wolves live entirely on deer, is erroneous." Still it is a well known fact that they prefer venison, and will eat nothing else when the conditions of the woods will permit them to catch deer.

He says that the seven words spoken by

the Red Man—"See plenty wolf tracks, see plenty deer" contain a volume of information. All that the "Injun" said only signified that if no deer were in the vicinity wolves would not be there. If the wolf did not prefer deer to any other game you would find his tracks down by the frog pond keeping company with those of the fox and the badger.

He also tells us that the wolf is a discriminator among deer, and preys only on the very young, feeble, old and decrepid. Who ever heard such rot? Had Mr. Hope attended his lessons well when he studied that great book of Nature he would have learned that the Creator of all things instructed Nature to provide protection for all herbivorous animals in their infancy, and until they are old enough to execute the laws intended for their preservation. In immature life they are without odor that will attract their natural enemies! Does he not know that whole trio of half brothers, the wolf, the dog and the fox may pass within a few feet of the very young fawn or the toddling rabbit and not detect its presence, nor can they scent its trail any more than they can climb a tree.

When the woods are in a favorable condition for deer to run, the wolf is forced to go to the frog pond and other sources for food for he cannot catch a deer any more than he can fly unless it be a cripple, and cripples represent a very small percentage in the deer family. But unfortunately for the deer in Northern Ontario there is a season of two or three months when the wolf makes them atone for the privileges they enjoy all the other months of the year.

During the months of January, February and March a depth of three to five feet of snow, sometimes more, makes traveling very laborious to them and they are forced to yard up. An icy crust soon forms on the snow sufficiently strong to carry a wolf but seldom a deer. If the wolf locates the yard it is farewell to the whole colony irrespective of sex, strength,

age, creed or religion. The battle for life does not amount to much, for the Heroic Bucks Mr. Hope speaks about have lost their antlers at that time of year, and are no more prepared for deeds of valor than the does are. In their fright they break out the trodden yard into the deep snow and flounder to their bellies at each jump! At this stage it is all off with the deer and a picnic for the wolf who can run at full speed on the crusted snow!

It he would satisfy himself with the first deer it would not be so bad, but his fiendish instinct to kill is aroused, and like many sheep-killing dogs it is a diversion and he continues to kill until the whole herd is exterminated.

Last November Haviland Bay, at the foot of Lake Superior was a glare of ice all over when there was very little snow on the shore. The wolves were not able to catch deer on the shore but they were known to chase deer down on a point extending into the Bay and force the deer to take the glare ice. There the wolves had an advantage in the race and caught the deer half a mile from shore and devoured him right where they dragged him down. They stubbornly refused to quit the repast until fired on with a double barreled gun at a distance of seventy-five yards by a man who dared not venture closer. Yet we have the authority of Mr. Hope that the wolf is such an arrant coward that he will not walk on glare ice!†

But then he tells us that he never saw a wolf loose in the woods himself, or ever met an Indian who did. Of course we can readily accept Mr. Hope's word as perfectly accurate on the point concerning himself, providing we are left free to believe that the Indians were only guying him, for although the "Indian" is usually considered to be of a stoical nature he will at times take on a humorous turn and enjoys landing one at a white man's expense, especially in matters relating to game. But Mr. Hope does not proceed far until the mask drops and we see the object he is out looking for.

It is the men who hunt deer with dogs whom he is pleased to designate as the dog hunters and whom he indicts in the first degree as being responsible for the reason why "Our Deer are Vanishing."

That is all right, Brother Hope! I am glad to see that by good sense or accident you put the blame where the blame belongs—if there is a blame in the matter. It should certainly be attached to the men who control the dogs: they alone are responsible for the dogs' conduct.

Nearly all writers on this subject who take the stand you do, complain bitterly about the dogs, as though they were responsible for their masters' will. It is the men that are wholly responsible. So Mr. Hope, what are the particulars of your indictment?

Here I have it in your own words. It reads: "Men who hound deer advertise the fact that they are neither self reliant woodsmen, humane hunters, respectors of the laws of Nature, preservers of game, or have any regards for the rights of others."

Well, would not a charge like that wilt a paper collar quicker than a hot hay mow? Dear me! I have hunted deer with hounds and still strongly advocate their use. What can we do to have this disagreeable question amicably settled?

Can we arbitrate? No. For I have it in your own words that the still hunter and the dog hunter are two entirely different kinds of men and can never agree. But, come now, Mr. Hope! Let us reason this thing out together, and if we can agree, no doubt the other fellows will come in, and we will be all well rid of a disagreeable question.

Come, let us try it and see in how many instances we can agree, with the understanding that the game laws are to be strictly observed by both parties.

First—You and I of course do not tell the same "wolf story," but forget it!

Second—We are a unit on the Indian question!

† Mr. Hope tells us that he has learned studying the Book on Nature that "it is only man—insignificant man that makes mistakes." If Nature never makes mistakes why does it compel a buck deer to carry around for several months a cumbersome set of antlers that he could conveniently do without and then cause them to fall off at the very time of year they are required for the preservation of his own life? This is an instance where Nature alone rules, where it always has, where the hand or action of man "is not or ever was." Probably as Mr. Hope had the cause of the wolf uppermost in his mind at the time he made the statement he will harmonize it by declaring that it is a wise decree of Nature to provide food for the wolf at a time of year that the frog pond is frozen.

Third—We agree on the armed tourist question!

Fourth—We can vote the same ticket on the lumberman question!

Fifth—Pretty fair on the settler question!

Now is there any other "question!" There is another and it is an important one! But let me first explain that for some years I have been a member of a Game and Fish Protective Association and for years prior to becoming a member I have strictly observed the Game and Fish laws of the Province and tried to encourage others to do the same. Still I cannot say that I have always led a blameless life!

I have found another class of "hunters" for whom I have no use. They are known as the swamp bandits. They are neither settlers, lumbermen or jobbers. They are, it is said, a cross between a swamp coon and a still hunter, and their characteristics and nature indicate that the assertion is correct. They have no respect for the game laws and they slaughter deer and moose the year around; not always for food but sometimes to rot and create a smell for the purpose of drawing bears to their traps for they can sell bear skins at a time when they cannot legally offer venison for sale, and they generally cover their dirty work so slick that it is almost impossible to prosecute them successfully!

During the present month Deputy Game Warden Calbeck of Sault Ste. Marie, located the decaying carcasses of fourteen deer killed for this purpose by one of those gentry who escaped arrest after a chase of thirty-five miles. When apprehended they have no money to pay fines and as county jails do not care to feed men for fun they are generally let go to pursue their evil ways.

Until the Government takes the protection of Game seriously in hand during the close season and employ good men to enforce the laws in districts where deer abound and makes default of payment of fines punishable by a term in the Central, citizens may as well refrain from discussing the question "Why Our Deer are Vanishing."

Let that go however, Come along, Mr. Hope, and let us see if we can find more common ground on which we both can stand.

Go and get your still hunters and I will get my dog hunters and we will go for a deer hunt. Agreed.

We buy our permits to kill equally the same number of deer at the same price, from the same Government which imposes the same restrictions on us both. We are compelled to hunt at the same time and under the same climatic conditions. Easily we agree again!

Here let the scene change, and say that the hunt is over. What is the result? Your scientific still hunters are bringing in a full allotment of the noblest specimens of the deer tribe. But what has befallen my dog hunters? Why—the great heads and noblest specimens have refused to take the runways; turned back, demolished our dogs, and gone to perpetuate their species or perhaps become at some other time the prize of some scientific still hunter. Perhaps we have our allotment! But what is it composed of? Why, a combination of small deer with the diseased and sickly (the kind the wolf eats) thrown in!

Now Mr. Stillhunter are you satisfied? If not, what on earth will satisfy you? If what Mr. Hope has asked the readers of "Rod and Gun" to believe is true the foregoing is a fair illustration of what the results of deer hunting are by both methods of hunting. The man who hunts with hounds is satisfied, why should you not be also? He goes away making no complaint. You are not going to hear him snarling. He will let his hounds do that in their kennels. You are not going to hear from him again until some disgruntled still hunter begins snarling in some sporting Magazine and he is called to defend some legitimate sport he has always enjoyed.

I notice Mr. Hope and other advocates of still hunting lately make profuse use of the term "Scientific still hunter."

Let us examine that term—scientific. It signifies "proficiency." But it has no definite boundaries. It may mean a great deal or it may mean very little. Hence it is a word that embraces Proficiency in all its stages from its lowest to its highest degrees. We all understand that proficiency exists in degrees.

For instance we are told that a certain Hebrew gentleman became so proficient, or as we now term it, scientific, that he

made a coat on scientific principles for his favorite son!

Some months later when the coat was shown to him, although in a torn and dilapidated condition, he was still scientific enough to identify it as his son's coat! But he was not scientific enough to know that he was being deceived by the blood of a goat!

Science has since expanded until such a deception has become impossible. Hence we can say that all hunters are scientific in a greater or less degree! But when the still hunter comes and tells you that he is a more "scientific" hunter than the one who shoots his deer bounding along before his hounds, don't believe him! He is only trying to fool somebody with the blood of a goat. Any dummy can go out with an old obsolete musket and sit concealed for hours within easy range and shoot a deer as he stands quietly at his salt lick or drinking place suspecting no danger, while the man who shoots to hounds with any success has first steelled his nerves until they are proof against all excitement known as "buck fever," and trained himself to handle his rifle with precision under all conditions. To do this requires patient practice with a determination to succeed. Of course all men cannot attain the same ideal of perfection but all can be improved.

I was a good shot with the rifle at ten years of age, but the shot had to be fired under one condition, viz: A dead rest and a stationary mark. When I began hunting no matter in how good form the game presented itself, I would have to shift my position at all risks of frightening the game to where I could obtain a good rest to shoot from. With tantalizing grimace and ludicrous imitations of my manoeuvres my father shamed and broke me of the habit. Had he not done so I would probably have always remained a still hunter; but when I could kill at off hand I began to practice at birds on the wing and kept on until I could hit the bounding deer!

Some years ago I visited "Buffalo Bill's" show. One feature of the show was an exhibition of shooting. A man came out and began breaking glass balls thrown into the air. After a while he

was seized by attendants and held standing on his head. But he continued in this position to break every ball thrown in the air. It was a good exhibition of skill, but the climax was capped when "Old Gray Headed Buffalo Bill" appeared in the ring riding a running horse at full speed several times around the ring, smashing glass balls thrown in the air by an attendant on horseback with such precision that only three balls thrown missed his aim. I have mentioned this only to show what a wonderful degree of skill can be developed in the use of the gun by persistent practice.

The three cardinal reasons why men hunt deer are: Necessity, profit and sport.

The Indian hunts deer for the first reason. He is invariably a still hunter and has never improved the methods of his long forgotten ancestors. His ideal is the greatest results with the least exertion. And he chooses his time to achieve this result. You do not find him trying to stock his larder at the time of year that the law compels his white brother to hunt (or let it alone). No, not he. Although he is an Indian by trade, you do not find him working at it in the month of November, unless pressing necessity has driven him to it, or he has hired out to guide some still hunter who is not self reliant enough to take care of himself. No, he is contented to wait until the deer yard up and then pursue the tactics of the wolf.

The man who hunts for profit is the pot hunter,—often a white man, who would look better and be better pursuing other callings.

The man who hunts deer for sport does not do it as a matter of necessity or profit. He knows that the time and money he spends would prove more remunerative directed toward other sources. But as every act of man should be directed toward improvement we see only three opportunities for a man to improve his condition by hunting deer for sport.

They are: First. A chance to improve his morals.

Second. A chance to improve his health.

Third. A chance to improve his skill in the art of handling a rifle.

I will leave the first question for the clergy to discuss and the second for the physicians and pass on to the third!

Why did the Briton find the Boer a surprising foe in the year A. D. 1899 and 1900? Was it because he was a well drilled and disciplined soldier? No; he did not even have a uniform; but he had been a hunter from boyhood; had a good rifle, and understood how to use it with precision under all conditions!

Now let me sum up. "Many moons will roll by before we are living in such a

state of excessive civilization that Canadians may not be called to defend their country and their homes! Then PROHIBIT NOT our Canadians of the present or future generations acquiring proficiency in the art of handling the rifle and hunting the bounding deer! For should invasion or attempts to dismember the British Empire arise, Canadians should be as well qualified as they were in 1899 and 1900 to rise and assist to save the Empire as well as to sing God Save our King!

A Still Hunter's Experiences.

MR. Roy D. Almas, of Ranelagh, Ont., writes: "I find in your fine Magazine each month much interesting material regarding the causes for the decrease in our big game. I have had considerable experience in the backwoods and would like to add my contribution to those which have already appeared. There are several causes for the vanishing of our deer, some being lawful and some unlawful. The latter require prompt attention if the time is not soon to come when deer will be found only in parks, reserves and similar places.

I am a still hunter myself and admire those who procure their big game in that way so long as they keep within the law. In my opinion that is the only humane way of killing deer. Of course there are different kinds of still hunters—those who travel to the hunting grounds by rail and wagon and hunt in the open season only; and those who devote their whole time to killing deer for a living. I belong to the first category and believe it to be by far the best. Are not the deer which are shot without being run many miles by far the best for our tables? Are not the authorities in our cities becoming very strict in the matter of meat in the interests of the public health, and should not this strictness extend to the country? If this were done the game killed by still hunters would best pass the test. A still hunter nearly always has time to sight his rifle before a deer is out of sight. With hounds, however, what is done has to be done in a hurry

and often some very reckless shooting occurs.

It is not the cost of hunting with hounds that makes me a still hunter, for I have one of the best hounds any sportsman could wish to possess but I do not use the dog for deer hunting.

I think most city sportsmen must use hounds because they are afraid to go deep enough into the forest after the deer for fear of being lost. As we all know it is far easier to sit at ease in a canoe, allow a guide to set out your dogs, and then when a deer comes into the water paddle up to him at short range. In my view it is not right to allow a deer to be shot in the water at all because if a good hound—a hound that can cover the ground at a very rapid rate—is set after a deer, the latter is going to the water just as soon as that hound is after him. In cases of this kind the deer has no chance and it appears to me very much like killing deer in cold blood. Such hunting should be made illegal.

Mr. E. R. La Fleche told us that a deer with a broken leg would get away and die a slow and lingering death. Such a case has never happened with me although in my time I have broken the legs of several deer.

I well remember the first one I shot in that way. It was a large doe and in firing I broke one of her hind legs. She didn't run more than a thousand yards before she lay down and one more shot finished her.

We are told by Mr. J. W. Misner and others that still hunting is dangerous—but not to the deer. Just at present it is the big game we are considering and not the men who pursue them in so many different ways. Again Mr. La Fleche tells us that still hunters have to use several shots to finish a deer. My experience is just the other way about. I never have to fire as many shots as my friends who use dogs. Only last season two hound hunters in this vicinity fired nineteen shots before killing a doe—a number which ought to have scared that deer to death if it had not been hit at all!

Speaking of the modern pea shooters, as Mr. E. R. La Fleche terms them, I think they are more destructive to our game than any other guns if soft nosed bullets are used. These bullets have such expanding qualities that they make a hole much larger than a gun with a larger caliber in which other bullets are used. I use a .303 Savage and with a soft nose bullet I find I can shoot a deer right through in any part without any trouble. Wherever that bullet comes out a deer can never pull enough skin over the place to stop the blood. I can state this most emphatically from personal experience. There were those in

camp nearby last fall who used larger caliber rifles like the 45.90 and 45.70. These did not however stop the deer any more quickly than my Savage and we all know that the large caliber is not in it in distance besides the Savage. The latter only shoots six against ten of the 45.90 and 45.70.

The greatest destruction among our moose and deer is brought about by the poachers who shoot deer all the year round. I could tell one man's name who in 1905 shot fifteen red deer and three moose. The case happened right in our National Park. Such destruction is deplorable and should be punished by imprisonment without the option of a fine. Further this case is only one amongst a number. Our Game Wardens appear to be afraid of these men who are generally dangerous characters. The Game Wardens are settlers who allow this shooting to go on all the year round and then in open season if they can catch anyone from a distance infringing the law they get after him quickly. What we want is men who will look after the Game and not consider the men who do the mischief but treat all alike. I wish you every success in this campaign on behalf of our big game."

Our Vanishing Deer

BY SAM'L H. M'KEE.

THE interest in the subject of still hunting versus dog hunting is by no means confined to Canadians and perhaps an American who has hunted in the Canadian woods for twenty-five years may be allowed to join in the discussion.

The Rev. Dr. Murdoch who started the debate is evidently a hunter of large experience and ought to know the subject whereof he writes. He would have been far more convincing, and the cause he champions would have gained much, if, in debating this topic, he had endeavored to lay aside his prejudices and presented the facts without color or exaggeration. As it is he has injured his own cause by going too far and in particular by going out of his way and telling stories about a Pittsburg Club which have but

the most slender foundations in fact. That slender foundation of truth however only makes the exaggeration the more injurious, and one would have expected a Reverend gentleman to have been more careful before making injurious statements regarding fellow sportsmen.

We are told that the Reverend Doctor has hunted for forty years in the forests of Canada and has acquired the art of "still hunting." The palmy days of such hunting have gone never to return and it is easy for anyone having a prejudice against any other method of hunting to lay all the blame for any decrease in the supply of game upon those hunters who do not follow the course adopted by the Doctor. It is also easy to make assertions and exaggerated statements but it

is quite another thing to give proof of them.

If we are to judge the worth of his other statements by those he makes regarding the Pittsburg Club then they are of no value whatever and should not influence either public opinion or future legislation.

I have hunted for twenty-five years in Canada—on the Muskoka, Severn, Moon, and Magnetawan Rivers and have a theory of my own about the disappearance of the deer. In the first place I do not believe they have vanished to anything like the extent the Rev. Doctor would have us believe. Deer are as plentiful now in some parts of this region as they ever were, and whenever deer are plentiful there also are the wolves to be found. This is a positive fact for I have seen their tracks, seen the wolves themselves, and in good wolf weather have heard them nightly howling and often chasing deer. While I am willing to admit that deer are not as plentiful on the Moon and the Severn as they were ten or fifteen years ago there is yet plenty of good hunting on both these streams. One little camp of Pittsburg hunters was not the only cause of their disappearance as the Rev. Doctor would have us believe.

The Rev. Dr. Murdoch tells us he was on the Severn in 1892. Well, if he had opened his eyes he could have seen at that date from ten to fifteen camps scattered along the river between the Ragged Rapids and the Big Chute. In one season I counted sixty hunters within a radius of five miles from our camp on that stream and all of them—with the exception of those in our Camp—were Canadians. Now why should the Doctor go out of his way to malign these few strangers and try to make it appear that they were the sole cause of the disappearance of game from the Severn? Can it be possible that the Doctor is following the rule of the savages and simply giving the strangers a kick because he thinks it can be safely done?

Now as one of the members of the Club, who is competent to speak of what actually happened because I was present, I wish to say that the gentlemen from Pittsburg made it a point of honor to strictly observe the Ontario Game Laws

in every particular. They went further for in addition to never hunting on Sundays or killing more deer than allowed by law, they also never shot deer in the water.

The Pittsburg Club kept an open house. No man passed that way about meal time without being offered a good square meal preceded by a sample of Walker's Club, or if he preferred it a nice cool bottle of Carling's or La Batt's.

For some unknown reason the Doctor singles out the members of such a Club as this as the great and only transgressors. He writes "They had a pack of hounds, colored cooks, and a numerous retinue of attendants."

This is a sample of the Rev. Doctor's regard for facts. The truth is the pack of hounds were four in number; the colored cooks, one; and the numerous retinue of attendants two—and two only Canadian guides, as good fellows and good guides as ever tramped the bush. Readers will note that there is a grain of truth in every statement. This renders it impossible to give a point blank denial to the Rev. Doctor's assertions. Each one of them however is so exaggerated that it is very hard to find the truth in them, and they are good samples of the art of turning the truth upside down.

Let me quote again, "They had men underbrush paths to the runways and erect comfortable seats at convenient points." This likewise is partly true. Two trails were blazed, one north and another south. These were for the use of an occasional "tenderfoot" or a visitor who was not familiar with the ground. No doubt the hunter when he got to his runway did make himself comfortable and small blame to him if he did. This however was not the course followed by the ordinary members of the Club or indeed by any but a very small minority.

One more, "Then the guides distributed the hounds at intervals through the woods and the slaughter began." As a matter of fact two hounds were "distributed at intervals" each day (as long as they lasted), and the "slaughter" never was equal to the number allowed by law, viz., two deer to each hunter, even when that was not the law.

Now we come to the climax of all this

perversion of the truth. "Fawns were shot and left to rot where they fell, or fed to the dogs. They cleaned out that entire locality and then moved on." In these two sentences there is not even one scintilla of truth. Of course no single member of the Club can assert that an occasional fawn may not have been shot by some too eager hunter, but left to rot—never! Our dogs had to be fed and it is of course possible that among the table scraps there may have been a piece of deer meat. Only in these two ways can there be found the slightest foundation in fact for such random assertions as the Rev. Doctor has made. He must have depended upon gossip for his information, and without wishing to instruct a Reverend gentleman as to rules of conduct it is surely not out of order for one of those whom he has thus maligned to suggest to him that for the future he should go to the trouble of making inquiries before accepting statements made to him by any gossip person, and publishing them to the injury of his fellows.

If the deer have to a certain extent disappeared from that locality the eight American hunters were not the only transgressors. The fifty-two Canadians certainly took some little part in it.

Twenty-five years' hunting each season in the Canadian forests give me some claim to air my views on the causes of the "vanishing" of the deer. I would suggest some of these causes to be as follows:

First. Wolves. Wherever you find deer plentiful you find wolves also plentiful and in a short time, if nothing happens to the wolves, the deer begin to disappear rapidly.

Second. Increase in the number of hunters. There are ten, perhaps twenty, times as many persons who now hunt in Canada each season as there were ten years ago. Railroads have facilitated and encouraged the hunters, and only recently has the average man found out how much health and sport he can get out of a season's deer shooting.

Third. The summer camper or his guides. Hunting deer in summer is unlawful. It is the abomination of a sportsman. If a doe is killed, which usually happens, the fawns are left to

perish. Not every summer camper "gets" a deer but according to reports after they get back home without being caught there has been abundance of deer meat in camp most of the time. When you consider the thousands of campers on the rivers and lakes of Canada during the summer, I would consider it a fair estimate to say that they kill as many deer as the lawful hunters in their allotted fifteen days.

These three reasons will account for the greater part of the slaughter. Settlers, Indians, and lumbermen add something to the cause, but to write a four page article and find only two good reasons for the "vanishing"—First, eight fellows from Pittsburg, with their one colored cook, retinue of two Canadian guides and four dogs is calculated to make one question the writer's reasoning faculties.

The Rev. Doctor's second reason is DOGS, DOGS, DOGS. Dogs most certainly put the deer on the alert and after a time drive them back. The "still hunter" in the vicinity has harder work to find his game, and he does not have much chance to select the carcass he wishes to take home. Dogs do not kill the deer, neither do they chase them to death, nor do they die from the effects of being chased and having to take to the water. That story about the hair coming off is good to tell. It fits in well as part of an argument; you can't well disprove it, but very few old hunters will believe it.

In my last ten years' experience in deer shooting, I do not recollect getting a deer which had been run by dogs. I would rather take to the bush and find my game in the good old way, but I have no objection to the dogs. There is music in the voice of a well bred hound and I confess I like to hear that kind of music, especially when it is stirring up the game.

With dogs the inexperienced hunter, or the man who has not learned to travel through the bush, has an equal chance for success with the old experienced hunter. Fifteen days' hunting each year gives the newcomer little opportunity to learn to thread the mazes of the forest comfortably and successfully. By the use of

dogs he can get a chance at this rare sport with some hope of success. Of course, if we old "still hunters" can get an Act of Parliament prohibiting the use of dogs we can chase all these fellows back to the cities and the green fields

where they belong; then in a few years our good old times will return. Ain't it funny how we are always trying to promote our own comfort and enjoyment, never thinking of the other fellow?

A Day With the Red Heads on Lake St. Francis.

BY J. EDGAR BUCHANAN.

LAST October I had an invitation from my friend, J. N.—the well known Montreal stockbroker, to go with him and E. L. P.—the banker, for a few day's duck shooting on the preserves of the Pointe Mouillee Gun Club in the Province of Quebec. The invitation was eagerly accepted and I can assure you the time hung heavily on our hands until that fixed for our departure arrived. Each member of the Club as he returned from the Preserve reported a good bag. A telegram from Pepin, the guide, to the effect that "birds were in by the thousands" hastened our preparations. Gathering together our traps, we started from Montreal a day or two sooner than we intended as we felt we could not afford to lose the sport, even if business suffered.

Jumping on the afternoon train we soon arrived at our destination and found the men awaiting us. Hastily putting guns, etc. on the buckboard we started for the "Cabanne," snugly ensconced within three hundred yards of the feed-grounds. What a sight met our eyes! There were hundreds of birds feeding in shore and thousands more out in the lake! It did not take us long to get into our gunning togs, to try for a brace or two before sundown. It was, however late when we arrived and our success that evening was a duck's egg only—a poor miserable snipe falling to your humble servant's gun.

Our hopes ran high for the wind was blowing from the proper quarter and if it only continued our success was assured. Wending our way homeward we were soon in the "Cabanne" enjoying a tenderloin and a good cup of Indian tea that

"warmed the cockles of our hearts." E. L. P. supervised the cooking "and he did it and did it well." After supper out came our briars which we whiffed for an hour or two. Then "lights out" was given and in a few minutes we were as "snug as a bug in a rug," dreaming of ducks galore.

It seemed to me that I had only dozed off when whir-r-r went the alarm clock and louder still rang out our host's sonorous bass voice with "en roulant ma boule roulant!" With one bound all hands were up, and as the wind continued right we felt that no time should be lost. A hasty breakfast of bacon, eggs, and piping hot coffee was served and then to the welcome "All aboard!" we hied away to our allotted blinds.

The birds were so plentiful and hungry that we had scarcely placed out our decoys before they came pitching in, even as we were standing up in our boats fixing our blinds. However we hustled for all we were worth, and then began the fun. First a double then a single, then a double again and so on until our barrels got so hot that gloves were necessary for comfort's sake. The only rest we obtained was from our man Pepin, who continually kept on saying (when flocks of twenty or more came in) "Wait, wait, don't shoot; chase them away, come back soon in small families and you kill the whole gang." We heeded his advice only too often to our sorrow, for instead of fifty-two birds that day we should have bagged a hundred had we followed our own inclinations. He had his reward and we our revenge for he now goes by the name of "Wait!"

Our chef de la cuisine, E. L. P. in com-

pany with Tom, the other guide, was stationed about a mile from us. They had rare sport, and for every shot we fired they went us one better. They lost a golden opportunity however, by having only No 4 shot on that most wary of game birds, the Canada goose. Nevertheless they tickled him enough to make him cry, "honk, honk, honk," in a minor key, and had they followed him up might have secured him, as we could see he was badly crippled.

The birds were more plentiful than for several previous years, and it is evident the Ontario law prohibiting spring shooting is having the desired effect. Ducks know something, and when not molested on their feeding grounds in the spring return to their old haunts in the fall. It is therefore most encouraging to sportsmen to know that the Quebec Legislature has followed Ontario's example in this matter and abolished spring shooting.

Our outing was in every respect a most pleasant one, and the hospitality we received from the members of the Club, was such as will be ever remembered by us.

Two of the other members, Messrs. D. R. and P. S. were shooting over the snipe grounds and in two days they bagged seventy snipe and four ducks—one being that most prized bird down here, the mallard.

The welcome they gave us when we came in that evening was such as only gentlemen of their calibre can proffer, and may their shadows never grow less !

The club house is beautifully situated on the margin of the lake and is built for comfort. They have also a fine boat house adjoining well stocked with boats, decoys, etc.—in fact a regular sportsmen's den. The guides are of the "ever ready" kind, and chuck full of tales. If I could tell you some of the side-splitting stories told by Pepin in his broken English you would no doubt suffer from sore sides just as we did !

We were loath to leave such pleasant quarters, but business must be attended to sometimes. Home therefore we must go. Placing our traps in the wagon we gave one last fond look at our "happy hunting grounds" and with a "Bon jour, Pepin ;" "Good-bye Tom" I hallooed out impromptu these four lines, which raised a loud hurrah :

Bon jour, les guides,
Bon jour, Cabanne,
Bon jour, les canards,
Bon jour, le gang.

With light hearts but heavy bags we were soon at the station, and in a short time speeding homeward pleased with ourselves, with everyone, and with the world in general.

A correspondent of an English newspaper tells a fox story which should prove of wide interest in Canada as well as in the country of its origin, and may throw some little light on the habits of foxes. This correspondent remembers standing with his father, upwards of fifty years ago, in the middle of a thirty acre field beneath the branches of a spreading oak tree when they noticed a fox descending one of the boughs to the ground. The correspondent, then a boy, was hoisted up the trunk and found a litter of cubs in a hollow of one of the wide arms of the tree. These young foxes were shortly afterwards moved by their parents to other quarters. His father told him that he had known of litters of cubs being born in the same

place on many previous occasions, and his father had likewise spoken of this happening in his own time. Many seasons since that evening the correspondent had known of the oak being used as a nursery for the fox tribe. Some ten years ago a vixen fox on being disturbed from her home in a tree was killed by two terriers. The cubs, four in number, were taken to a neighboring farm and brought up with two puppies by one of the terriers that assisted in killing the mother. Since then no cubs have occupied the tree until the other week when he found four young ones in the old fox home. He is now speculating as to whether it was coincidence or instinct, which turned the old tree into a fox nursery after such a prolonged interval.

Maskinonge or Pike.

WITH reference to the item published in the June number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" stating that the members of the Solid Comfort Fishing Club, of Mercer, Pa., found a difficulty in distinguishing between maskinonge and pike. Mr. Hickson, who recently contributed to our pages an article on "Thirty Years of Maskinonge Fishing," writes:

"I may say that pike and maskinonge may be distinguished in more ways than by their jumping propensities.

First, the markings of the two fish are very different. The darker spots on the maskinonge are clearly cut and distinct from the general color, or violet hue of the fish, while those of the pike are not so; the spots on this fish are not so distinct, but the coloring of the spots blend into the general color with a yellowish tinge.

Second, the flesh of the maskinonge is almost of a white transparent color,

while that of the pike is of a darker yellowish color.

Third, the head of the maskinonge is always of a more uniform shape than that of the pike. Any person who has ever looked at the under jaw of these two near relatives may distinguish them at once. The under jaw of the maskinonge is oval, or nearly oval in shape, while that of the pike is, almost elliptical. The cheeks of the pike are scaly and the gill covers bare of scales. The lower half of the cheeks as well as the gill covers are bare of scales in the maskinonge.

Fourth, they may be known from one another by their "jumping" qualities, for the pike is a sluggish fellow while the maskinonge is a most elastic fish. I am inclined to think that our friends from Pennsylvania have been catching either all maskinonge or all pike, more probably the latter as I think any person who had seen the two fish together would be able to tell them apart."

The Veracity of Deer Hunters.

MR E. J. McVeigh sends us the following good natured and effective reply to Mr. C. L. Smith of British Columbia, who in our April issue commented on Mr. McVeigh's article in a former number on "Why are Deer Hunters the Greatest Liars in the World?" Mr. Smith suggested that Mr. McVeigh had been treated as a greenhorn by his friends who were not really in earnest in the various instances. Mr. McVeigh quoted in support of his contention. This is Mr. McVeigh's reply:—

"Mr. C. L. Smith of British Columbia was evidently touched on the raw by my little skit on the deer hunter and his inability to tell the truth in connection with his shooting exploits, and in "Rod

and Gun" for April has made a most laborious attempt to be funny at my expense. I cannot congratulate him on his success in that line, nor on his diagnosis of my case. In fact he is in just the position anyone would likely find himself who attempts to explain something about which he has no knowledge. His is a case of metaphysics as defined by the old Scotchman: "When yon mon explains tell anither mon what yon mon desena onderstand himself — thats metaphysics."

Now I wrote of Ontario deer hunters as I know them after many years' association, and none of them have made an attempt to controvert what I say, and for the good and sufficient reason

that they fully recognize the truth in my remarks, and not being cold blooded liars who would put their lies on paper, but simply cheerful sporting liars whom I love, lies and all, they see the joke, laugh and let it go at that. But not so Mr. Smith, oh no, having no knowledge of me, or the men about whom I write, he painfully constructs a scarecrow and then knocks the stuffing out of it and says "there you are, I knew there was nothing in you but straw," and as he made it up out of his own head, he is right, but why call it by my name?

I don't know just how they do in British Columbia, but I would judge from what Mr. Smith has said that the hunters and guides out there reserve their lies for the unfortunate green-horn who pays them to furnish exact information and assistance. Oh fie, Mr. Smith, can't you be more artistic than that? What credit is there in lying to a man who knows no better than to believe you, and can only answer "By Jove!" "My word!" "Deuced strange ye know!" For choice give me my Ontario brother who is under no obligation to speak the truth, and lies cheerfully to the old sport who will pick his yarn to pieces, and turn the laugh on him if he can. That is a battle of wits and he who wins out is acclaimed victor, and it is a victory, for has he not overcome one in his own class, not a poor green-horn who knows no better.

There is a chivalry in this that Mr. Smith would not likely understand. In olden times it was not the proper thing for an armed knight to engage in single combat with an unarmed man; he got credit only when he met and overcame a brother knight armed cap-a-pie, and when Mr. Smith jumps to the conclusion that "Joe" lied to me because I was a greenhorn he forgets that I was careful to explain that Joe told me the truth when we were alone. His lies were for the old hands, and while he has tried to cram me ever since, it was, from his standpoint, no discredit as I have been for some considerable number of years quite capable of forming my own opinion on matters pertaining to deer hunting, and the more elaborate and better thought out the lie, the greater the compliment to me.

There is surely "nothing new under the sun". In looking over some old bound volumes of a magazine of the year 1878, a few days ago I came across an account of a deer hunt on the Au Sable river in Michigan. The writer made an attempt to exploit himself as a literate but told a plain tale in a plain way, and I don't know that I ever read anything of the kind that was quite so good and true to life. The writer was also a bit of an artist, and the article was illustrated from his own sketches, but he was sure a better landscape than an animal painter to judge from his deer, living and dead. But the thing that amused me most was his account of how the hunters, both native and imported, could lie about everything pertaining to the deer. Every deer seen was reported as the "blankest blank, biggest buck, I ever saw, or the blankest blank doe, big as a blank cow, going like blank for the blank river."

For the first few days our author did not see a deer nor did he hear one word that would lead him to believe there was such a thing as a small deer in the country, and then he shot one about the size of a hound dog, and thought he had the liars in a corner, but not a bit of it; they simply were full of wonder that he had found such a thing. I should like to have known that man; his perspective was alright. And then his dream of the fine shot spoiled by the rifle that would not go off. I did think *that* was my own, and here was a deer chap having the same thing come to him away back in 1878. Peace be to his ashes! for as he was past middle age in '78 he is likely in the happy hunting grounds by now!

I fully appreciate Mr. Smith's sympathy for me in my capacity of greenhorn, but I can assure him it is wasted and I would suggest that instead of condoling with me, he gives us some information on how they do their hunting out in British Columbia. I feel sure he could be very interesting on that subject."

We agree with Mr. McVeigh and knowing that Mr. Smith can tell a good deal that is of interest concerning game animals and hunting in British Columbia, hope he will respond to the invitation.

A Boys' Camp in the Laurentians

BY C. B. POWTER.

AFTER three years camping with family parties, the writer, with no little hesitation, decided to attempt a Boys' Camp modelled along the lines of those that have been in existence in the Adirondacks for some time. Two or three things had to be kept in view in organizing the affair, viz :—First a site not too far from civilization for provisions and a doctor, but wild enough to make it very different to the ordinary life at a farm boarding house.

Second—An equipment that would stand the test of all summer in the woods.

Third—A party large enough to cover the expenses of cook and assistant, equipment, supervision etc.

In the matter of a site, no better spot could be found than the one selected on Lake St. Joseph, six and a half miles southward of St. Agathe on the Nominig branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway north of Montreal.

This pretty body of water is completely surrounded by high hills of such complete variety that no view from any two places is alike, so that with the bright green fields here and there along the shore, and the dark greens of the spruce and balsam on the hill tops, we have pictures that capture the artistic eyes of every traveller who happens to come across the place.

The lake itself communicates with five others with small streams navigable for canoes and boats, and behind every hill and in every hollow another lake can be found. The panorama spread out before the feet of any climber who might

ascend one of these peaks is a sight never to be forgotten.

Hill upon hill stretches away in endless number north, east and west and to the south the great plain of the St. Lawrence River valley with Mount Royal as its centre can just be distinguished, for we are on one of the highest points and can see fifty miles in several directions. Right at our feet is one of those little gems for which the Laurentians are famous, and far and near on both banks are many others. By actual count sixty-four lakes within a radius of seven miles have been visited by members of the camp, nothing under fifty yards long being counted.



GEMS OF THE LAURENTIANS.

The camp is situated on a small bay on the edge of a wood of secondgrowth giving just enough shelter for a little shade, but allowing plenty of blessed sunshine into everything when needed. A shelving gravelly beach makes the bathing good and also a good

landing place for the boats. An ice cold spring right on the shore supplies the finest water for drinking.

The equipment comes next and consists of two eighteen foot flat bottom river boats, four canoes and one sail yacht of the haik pattern, an ideal boat for those small inland lakes, with plenty of breeze and no sea.

A large shack 18 x 24 with kitchen 12 x 12 and storeroom 9 x 8 serves as a loafing place in wet weather and allows the chef ample room to prepare "for the biggest eaters he ever saw."

A dining tent 25 x 15 could tell some stories of feasts in the eating line that

would make the jovial Falstaff envious, For it is commonly reported that a certain young gentleman was quite shocked when pleading with assistant cook for "thirds" of pie to be reminded by that functionary that it was "sevenths" he meant.

Tents form the sleeping quarters for the boys and as most of the lads are out for all summer, they are half floored and have benches and boxes for storing things.

The party is partly organized in the city and some of the tent leaders are appointed there, these with one or two of the larger boys form the Advance Party, a much sought after position as it gives the ones chosen a chance to get to camp three days ahead of the main crowd. The Advance Party go down to the train escorted by all the other fellows and many long-ling looks on the faces of those left behind impress upon them the great privilege they are enjoying.

Arrived at St. Agathe, there is the usual wild scramble for rigs and baggage, that celebrated place is famous for, but thanks to a little oversight, all is finally arranged and the party are en route for the lake. On some of the big hills the boys get off to ease the horses and the knowing ones keep right on well aware they can reach the place long before the rigs.

Wild cheers that would do justice for the war yells of the former denizens of the place attest the fact that the lake is in sight, and in another minute all is bustle and commotion.

The big shack is soon unlocked and is made to disgorge its contents. Boats, canoes, rigging and tents, are strewn around in wild confusion. Like magic the scene changes! The boats and canoes are put in the lake to swell and the white tents showing in pretty contrast

to the dark green of the trees are scattered here and there. Bunks or divisions holding two are made inside, floors and benches are nailed down firmly, clothes lines of long saplings inside and outside provide for all clothing being properly aired. Plenty of new sweet smelling balsam boughs are brought in and in a twinkling the camp has started for the summer. By this time the cook and assistant have been preparing and the welcome call is responded to with an alacrity that would astonish many of the parents who were afraid that Kenneth's appetite was failing!

Little odd jobs keep the Advance busy for two days more—patching, painting, digging out the spring, looking for the wharf that has floated away with the spring freshet, etc., and then the main party comes in with loud cheers, and the business of distributing the experienced hands and the greenies commences. This is soon done, and in a day or two the regular routine of camp life is commenced—Breakfast at 7.30, dinner

at 12, and supper at 6. m. In tents at 9, lights out 9.30.

Camp bounds are fixed at certain definite well known points on land and water. At breakfast the first morning after all are in camp the laws governing the organization are announced. The officers of the day are appointed and the program for the next few days arranged.

The Camp Decalogue.

Air blankets and all bedding every day possible.

Keep only enough clothing in tents for one change.

No breakfast plan for late risers.

Do not leave bounds without permission.



SAILING IN THE YACHT.

Boats and canoes not to be used without reporting to officer of day,

Swimmers only to use canoes.

No playing in boats or canoes.

No noise in camp before 7 a. m. or after 9 p. m..

Two swims per day.

Don't chop the trees or destroy any animal life within a mile of camp—except fish.

The officer of the day is appointed from among the tent leaders and all boys wishing to use boats or leave bounds report to him or commanding officer.

This is necessary as it is important to know in what direction a boy is to be looked for if needed.

For the first week or ten days, rigging the yacht, building up the long diving wharf, overhauling the sailing canoes, and fixing up little luxuries around the tents keep everyone busy. Then some one starts the question "When are we going on the first trip? This is settled somewhat by the weather and time of the summer. The first few trips are down the lakes to Lookout

Mountain or the falls, or off to some lake where the fishing is reported to be good; sometimes to the famous ice-cave, where ice has been found on the 15th of July; sometimes to the old beaver dam and deer meadow, where the tracks are thick from last fall; and so, on till white skins have turned to mahogany and leg and arm muscles are like iron.

Every second day or so is spent in camp, sailing in the yacht, learning to handle the canoes properly, upsetting and righting them, and then getting the water out and climbing in again. Occasionally there is a game in some field across the lake. After supper comes the time of the day, when all the varied experiences are gone over by the camp-fire, and plans for the morrow and next week are thought

out and the big fish stories told, or "Say, you fellows took five hours to go through to Lac Traverse and we did it in three and a half" or "Let the Indian guide (a nick name) tell us how he got lost and where he went." All in No. One, all in No. Two, and so on at nine sharp. The tired ones are already between the blankets and at half past nine everything is quiet except the chirping of frogs and the occasional call of some bird that never seems to know when bed time comes.

Of course among thirty boys a great deal of variety can be found and the fellows with corpers on soon get knocked into shape. One day last summer this rather large order was given to one of the greenies. "Mr.—says y o u and

Murray are to fill the centreboard box and as quickly as possible" Mr.— goes down about an hour afterwards and beholds two perspiring youngsters industriously dipping water out of the lake and pouring it into the aforesaid box. It was one of the same



A DIVING CONTEST.

bright boys who asked me several times during the summer, some such question as this. "If we go on a trip tomorrow sir, will we be leaving camp?"

Saturday is usually spent in camp, mending, washing and cleaning up, as there is a careful tent inspection at eleven a.m. The boys in the tent presenting the best appearance inside and out have the privilege of flying the colors for the week.

After inspection a diving contest is held and various are the stunts tried on the big springboard, after which a sun bath is the proper thing.

Sunday is spent quietly although long walks in search of some curiosity are encouraged.

If there is any building to do around the place the boys are given a chance to

learn rough carpentry and some of them make great headway at it. Two small boats were built in camp last summer by the boys alone.

By the end of July the weather has settled down so that over night and long trips can be taken and those really are the greatest treat to the majority.

What boy does not love to sleep out in the woods, or go off to some unknown lake and hunt for the trail made years ago and now almost obliterated?

"No One tent goes tomorrow," is announced at breakfast. When tomorrow comes No One is the centre of an admiring group asking and giving advice. "Is that the way to roll your blanket?" "That haversack is no good; it will cut into your shoulder before you have gone a mile."

"Have you got an extra shirt and pair of socks?"

"Where will you fellows be this time tomorrow?" "Gee, I wish I was going," etc., etc.

No One is escorted to the first portage and then they buckle down to the real life in the woods. Everything they own or eat is on their backs. "How do you portage a canoe?" The older hands say "Why, gunwale down is best." "Oh well we are going to try it the other way." Experience soon settles the question and the new fellows begin to have more respect for the advice given. Both methods have their advocates, and both are good at times. Gunwale up where you have no one to guide, and the other, when there is a fellow ahead to show the trail.

A deep groan from under a canoe betrays the fact that someone is not comfortable and on investigation it is found that some foolish one, has attempted his first carry without proper padding on the shoulders, and back of the neck or else he is carrying all on one shoulder. These little matters straightened out, the loads are shouldered again and on arriving at

the next lake we hear "There now, that is my first and I am mighty glad I was able to do it! Sometimes I thought I would have to give in but I just shut my teeth and said, 'Can't give up its only a little further!'"

Now we have turned our backs on clearings and roads and after crossing the next lake the hunt for the trail commences. The lumber men have been through here last winter and amid the innumerable log hauls and piles of brush and lumber roads it is almost impossible to pick up the right trail. After a couple of hours, search this is done and the lake on which we were to camp for the night is soon reached. A camping site is selected, half the party put up a lean-to of light poles and brush, and the rest look

after a good supply of balsam boughs and firewood.

Supper is soon ready and eaten. A big blazing fire in front of the lean-to makes everything cosy and warm. Then the fellows turn in and have rare fun picking out the soft spots that are not there.

A pretence is made to get to sleep early but the unaccustomed sur-



CROSSING A PORTAGE.

roundings, the strange silences and stranger voices, the exhilaration of the day's experiences all combine to make everybody wakeful. Tent leader No One thinks he wants a drink and orders out two of the youngsters to get it. The youngsters crawl out very bold and move away past outside the circle of light to the spring when suddenly they hear a smart crackling in the underbrush and both immediately thinking of bears rush pell-mell back to the friendly fire-light and have the whole crowd turn out to listen. The noise is not repeated and in the morning they are unmercifully teased over their experience.

All next day is spent in exploring, for the party that comes back with the largest number of lakes visited and strange

sights seen receives a great welcome and all their stories are listened to eagerly.

Trip after trip is thus taken by the various tent groups, and now the time has come for the prize trip — Three days and three nights looking for some lake that can just be made out on the map or one which has only been heard of in a round about way.

The choicest woodsmen in the camp are taken, seven of them, with the C. O. Provisions for nine meals, blankets, one deep soup dish, hatchet, matches, compass, two fishing rods, extra socks and shirts, rubber sheet, and cotton tent fly are the orders issued at breakfast. One canoe is taken and double trips made on the lakes, as far as possible and then, the last known country is left behind and we are trying to find an old blaze made fifteen years before. After considerable search this is located and the excitement commences.

On into the unknown! Here a broken branch, there a mark on a tree almost covered with bark, a break on a rotten log, an old, old fireplace. Here we are at a tiny lake two or three hundred yards long. Around the border of this is hard going but the far end is soon reached. Then a new hunt for the trail begins and so on for a couple of hours. Shoulders are beginning to ache like fury and arms and hands are dead with the pain! The C. O. says "Loads off and rest." In a few minutes all felt better and we tackle it again.

The next lake has an old punt on it that some one has dragged in there long ago. No oars or paddles, but they are soon shaped out of a small cedar. "She leaks like a sieve," and half the party go across with orders to hunt the trail at once before dark.

out for a camping place for the night.

All are soon across and the tent fly raised, beds made, fire ready for supper, all in for a swim, supper eaten and all turn in thoroughly satisfied with the day's experience.

Up next morning at five. The C. O. makes the porridge and coffee and in a few minutes blankets are rolled, breakfast eaten, dishes washed, beds made up and off we go again.

The first deep track is seen a few minutes after starting and then a very old lumber road appears. This is followed to the next lake where we are sure to find it again at the other end. When there a surprise awaits us. A beautiful birch bark canoe is found carefully hidden away in the bush and we also find that we are only about two hundred yards from a fine lake three miles long.

Not knowing as much of the ways of the bush as we do now we decided to borrow the canoe for the day. So we

carry it to the big lake and there attempt the foolhardy plan of all eight of us going down the lake in a sixteen foot birch. Four of the fellows sit on the bottom near the centre, two more in their laps, and one on each end. The C. O. paddled with a small jog. About a



A VIEW OF THE CAMP.

mile of this nerve racking work was enough and a decision was unanimously reached to land on the first island at hand and proceed from there by relays. Dinner was eaten here and afterwards the two parties were paddled to the fore end of the lake, where a well marked lumber trail made the going good for two miles further. The trail ended in a clearing with several houses in sight, and all were congratulating themselves on the chance to obtain some fresh milk and butter.

Here we ran across another strange incident for all the houses proved to be

empty, but one. This exception was the strangest part of the whole thing. After looking round for some time the one inhabitant of this singular place was discovered and when asked what place it was and why he stayed there did not seem very anxious to reply. He appeared to be a young fellow of about thirty, with a pale but intelligent face. His clothes were above the average of the Canadian backwoodsman. He spoke both English and French. Two things were noticeable. First that he carried his hand in a sling and on enquiry claimed to have hurt himself with an axe, and second, his head was very closely cropped.

In standing at the door of the house, which was a square log affair, a glimpse was caught of one of the inner rooms and to our great surprise this contained several shelves filled with books and on a nearby rough board table there were several papers and magazines. We began to wonder what this solitary individual could be doing here in this little deserted settlement, but could get no information from him except that "the people had left several years ago when the mill burnt down."

He was, however, quite ready to give us all the information we wanted about the direction to the big lake, our present destination. This proved to be about a mile straight through the bush. Half of this had been burnt over two years before and was heavily overgrown with fire weed. It goes without saying therefore that this last mile proved the hardest of the whole trip. But after crossing the

last ridge a bit of the lake was made out through the trees and this put new life into all the party, who made a wild scramble down the hill to see who would be first to the shore.

A swim first, and then camp for the night. Oh what a supper we ate! Soup made out of all the old scraps of meat and bread that had been left from previous meals, broiled trout and plenty of bread and butter, and all washed down with the finest dish of tea we had ever tasted.

A big log fire completed the picture and as it threw its ruddy glare over pine and balsam, rock and water, we felt as we snuggled down into our blankets that we would not change places with a king!

Next morning early the return journey commenced. The canoe once more did duty and was returned to its place and by noon next day we sighted Lake St. Joseph and civilization.

The next few days we tell over and over the story of the trip and the younger fellows anxiously inquire if they can go on the next one. I fear that I have but feebly described the joys of camp life but those of you who have ever tried it, can fill in the bare spots and amplify the weak ones.

This year we go to another section of country near the headwaters of the famous Matawin and are looking forward to unexplored lakes and mountains and the fishing in some of those haunts of the trout unfrequented by the ordinary fisherman.

A Fishing Trip to Rock Lake, Ont.

BY WALTER GREAVES.

I have just returned from a delightful, although unsuccessful fishing trip to Rock Lake, a beautiful sheet of water one hundred and fifty-six miles west of Ottawa, close to the Algonquin Park, on the Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk Railway.

From what I could learn, the fishing for grey trout and black bass is excellent

if one happens to be there at the proper season. We were too busy owing to the late Spring, and it was too cold and windy for successful fly-fishing or trolling. There is good speckled trout fishing, they say, at the entrance of Whitefish lake (about a quarter of a mile from Rock Lake Station,) Pen Falls on Rock Lake and a stream coming out of Wel-

come Lake. We did not visit the latter as it is a paddle of about seven miles and our time was limited. Mr Throop took a trout at the foot of Pen Falls on a Butcher and I landed two in a small stream close to the Station with a Parmacheene Belle. These were the only trout we succeeded in capturing with the fly. On the banks of the stream near the Station we saw numerous deer tracks and from what we heard it must be a great country for deer hunting during the season.

Mr. Throop took most of the trout on a Cartman Spinner and I got a good one on a blue Dowagiac phantom. I believe the latter would be a good bait in that Lake later in the season when the trout and bass are taking. Mr. Henderson said he used the Rainbow pattern Dowagiac with great success.

We walked two and a half miles to a stream coming out of Louisa Lake and tried for speckled trout as we heard it was a very good place at times. It certainly *looked* promising but we did not see a sign of fish except the sardines we had for lunch. We tried flies, spinners and worms but met with no response.

I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed at not getting fly fishing during the trip but I suppose one could not expect trout to rise well to a fly in such cold and windy weather even if the waters were well stocked.

My opinion is that if a person wanted good fishing for bass and grey trout he could not do better than write to John Henderson at Rock Lake, Whitney Post Office, Ont., and make arrangements for an outing with him. He knows the country well and is in fact a guide. He will take you in for one dollar per day if he has room, but it will be well to write to him first as his house is, I understand, well filled with anglers and hunters during the fishing and hunting seasons. He can furnish boats and canoes etc. I should like very much to spend a few days on this Lake during the bass season as I believe one would have grand sport with the fly, troll or bait among the islands and at the foot of Pen Falls.

During the trip I used, for the first time, the waterproof silk lines made by the Corticelli Silk Company of St. Johns, Que., namely enamelled line No 1 for fly fishing and enamelled line No 4 for trolling and found them to be equal to the best lines I have been in the habit of buying in England and the States and at a more reasonable price. I would strongly advise anglers to give these lines a trial and I fell sure they will agree with me that they are perfect. The No 4 enamelled line is an A No 1 salmon line.

I may mention that we found the officials of the Grand Trunk courteous and obliging and the Station Agent at Rock Lake (Mr. McCourt) very kindly gave us what ice we required. It is true we did not use half of it, as the weather was so cold, but we fully appreciated his kindness all the same.

We rowed in to Whitefish Lake, the entrance to the Algonquin Park, and were charmed with the scenery. They say the fishing is very good about three miles up where the Madawaska River enters the lake but we did not try it as we had not taken out a permit to fish in the Park on account of our time being too short. A game warden told us he had caught speckled trout in this lake up to three pounds. I saw a few grey trout caught by him that morning which certainly must have been six or seven pounds.

To anyone requiring rest or building up I do not know of a better place than among these mountains and lakes. The air is bracing and the scenery is wild and picturesque. It has the advantage too, of being close to the railway. I may, however, add that during the fly season one would require to be well provided with fly oil and mosquito netting, I should think, as the country is well wooded. It is possible that I may run up for a few days bass fishing during the summer and if I do and meet with success I will let you hear from me on the subject.

Forest and Game Protection in British Columbia.

THE Chief Game and Forest Warden for British Columbia (Mr. A. Bryan Williams) has presented his second annual report to the members of the local Legislature. The greater strictness in enforcing the game laws has resulted in a fair number of convictions and some heavy sentences, which have had a most salutary effect, while, best of all, public opinion is daily showing a marked demand for better game protection.

In enforcing his point that the birds, particularly at the coast, should receive greater protection, Mr. Williams puts the increase in the number of guns in Vancouver at twenty-five per cent in one year. Probably this was the same at Victoria. The general prosperity of the country is responsible for a portion of this increase, but as the population will continue to grow rapidly each year more and more sportsmen will have to be reckoned with and arrangements made for meeting the new conditions.

In the first place Mr. Williams asks for more assistance, or in the near future no game or fish at all will be left in the proximity of the towns, and a great many men will thus be deprived of one of the greatest pleasures of their lives. If however the birds and small game are efficiently protected, as they should be, then there will be sport for all for many years to come, and also more and better sport at the present day. There is every probability, unless energetic measures are taken, that British Columbia may eventually be brought to the same condition of things as exist in Europe, where practically the only men who get bird shooting are those in a position to rent land and preserve the shooting for themselves.

To the people on the coast the small game is of the greatest importance while to those of the interior the big game holds first place, and for several reasons is of the highest consideration. The main reason for the latter is because a direct revenue is obtained from the big game. The small game and bird shooting put an enormous amount of money in circulation, though the direct revenue is

small. A limited expenditure also does much for the big game while a much larger expenditure would be required to do any effective work for the small game or the birds.

Experience has amply demonstrated the fact that big game can be protected, and probably multiply, despite the greater demand for sport. It is simply a question of funds being found for the purpose of employing reliable men to carry on patrols.

In the last report complaints were made of magistrates inflicting too light penalties. Heavy fines have been imposed on offenders during the last year and for the first time in the history of the Province jail sentences have been inflicted for the most serious offences.

While a fair amount of work has been accomplished for a beginning, game protection has only just started in British Columbia and ten times more remains to be accomplished. In the first place the Game Warden's office requires to be kept open regularly, a number of salaried deputies should be appointed and provision made for the employment of specials on important cases where extra help is needed. Funds must be forthcoming for such work; unless they are found game protection simply cannot be put on a satisfactory footing. It may be possible to check the decrease of the big game in one or two districts for a few years, but it is out of the question to ever expect it to be the regular paying asset it should be unless some adequate expenditure is incurred, while fish and small game will become things of the past to all but the fortunate few who are able to protect their own preserves.

There is a distinct advance with regard to the enforcement of the game laws, but the topography of the Coast makes the work very difficult and leaves much room for improvement. Every section of the game laws that it is possible to break on the Coast has been broken, and matters cannot be remedied unless a number of men are employed under salaries with suitable means of transportation to make an effective patrol of the

territory. On the mainland the condition of things is much better but it will require a number of permanent men before the laws can be satisfactorily enforced. In the Lillooet and Fernie districts a patrol was carried on all summer by paid deputy game wardens and the results were most satisfactory. In the former district the raids of the Indians were stopped and the activity of the game warden, if it has not resulted in entirely abolishing illegal methods, had a great moral effect and done much to lessen law breaking. While the difficulties were greater at Fernie the good that has been done has been of the greatest possible value. In both cases the game was already feeling the benefit of the protection accorded to them.

It is to be regretted that it is not possible to give a similar account of the work in the Columbia district. Once it was teeming with game which was now lessened and its magnificent fishing has been ravaged by the market hunter. Something had however been done during the year. For a few weeks a patrol was carried on in the Kootenay Valley with a view of collecting game licenses from tourists coming in by the passes from Alberta and a careful watch was also kept on the Stoney Indians. The necessity for adopting in this district similar measures to those taken in the Lillooet and Fernie districts was very apparent.

In northern British Columbia where Indians from the States had been poaching both on the trapping and hunting, an improvement can also be recorded. This was largely due to the courtesy of the United States Consul at Vancouver and the Governor of Alaska, whose assistance, when asked, was willingly given.

The non-resident game license was collected last year better than before and raids of men from across the border for duck shooting etc. had been practically stopped. The efforts made to apprehend some dog hunters were unfortunately unsuccessful.

During the eighteen months previous to the appointment of a Provincial Game Warden the number of convictions under the Game Act was small, probably ten and the fines did not exceed \$100 at the

outside. In July 1905 the appointment of a Provincial Game Warden took place and from that time until January 1st, 1906, twenty-three convictions were obtained and though the fines were merely nominal in most cases, one of \$100, another of \$80, and five of \$50 each brought up the total to \$880, in addition to costs. For the last year there were thirty-six convictions with fines totalling \$581 and several jail sentences.

Mr. Williams thinks the present non-resident license of \$50 for big game should be given consideration in the near future. Some of the tourists had themselves suggested an increase, provided sufficient protection was afforded the game. Those who hunt big game in British Columbia are generally in a position to pay a license fee of \$100, and would willingly do so for the privilege of hunting in a country where there is such a variety of valuable big game, if they could only rely on not finding it all hunted out by Indians and irresponsible whites. If the game of British Columbia was protected in a thorough manner for a few years then the sport obtained in the Province, in comparison with the rest of the continent, would be well worth even a \$150 license. In this connection Mr. Williams quotes the total "bag," made by twenty-one people who hunted in Cassiar last season as follows: Seventeen moose, sixty-three sheep, twenty-nine caribou, seventeen goats, six grizzly bear, eleven black bear, one black fox, one cross fox, and a number of red foxes. The whole was obtained in a few weeks' hunting and could have been doubled if the tourists had all had previous experience in hunting and been desirous of making a slaughter. Surely such sport is worth more than the present license!

A non-resident fishing license would also have increased the revenue.

Returns show that 110 game licenses were issued, including sixty-nine big game and forty-one limited licenses bringing in a total revenue of \$3,650, in comparison with \$2,720 for 1905 and \$1,700 for 1904.

Mr. Williams takes up the question of the non-resident showing that in addition to paying for his sport he also does

no harm to the game.' At Lillooet where some twenty-five hunters outfitted last season, a very considerable difference was made to the condition of the people by the money thus circulated. The same advantages can be obtained for other parts of the Province if only efficient protection is afforded to the game.

There is every reason to expect that where British Columbia now has one tourist it will have hundreds years hence. There is plenty of room for them and if the big game is only properly protected the direct revenue will pay all the cost of such protection.

A weak point in the Act is pointed out by Mr. Williams who urges amendment. With the exception of all municipalities and the electoral districts of Greenwood, Grand Forks, Similkameen, Kamloops, Okanagan and Fernie the whole of the Province is unorganized and in such districts exemptions are made in favor of miners and Indians killing game for their own food. This affords a loophole of which advantage is taken. Experience has shown that there are men capable of pretending to be miners for the purpose of escaping the fee and that the Indians and miners abuse their privileges.

As becomes a man in his responsible position Mr. Williams endeavors to bring home to the authorities the importance of the question of game preserves. "At the present time there can be found small territories in almost every district which are unoccupied and there is nothing to hinder their thorough protection. This is not liable to be the case for many years and the necessity of creating these reserves, while it can be done, cannot be too strongly urged." Noted sportsmen, in addition to influential residents, have taken an interest in the matter and urged the benefits accruing to such reserves in other countries. "That such sanctuaries for game would ensure some of our most valuable species from destruction and also assist in keeping the surrounding country well stocked is not the only benefit to be derived from such a policy. The game in any well protected reserve soon becomes so tame that anybody, man woman or child can have an opportunity of seeing and watching it. There are numbers of people who either are unable or have not the means of taking a costly

hunting trip who could and would take the greatest pleasure in spending a short holiday in the vicinity of some game reserve where they could have a chance of seeing such game as mountain sheep, or even deer or goats. It would also prove an attraction for all classes of tourists."

Both on Vancouver Island and on the mainland much game is destroyed by wolves, cougars, etc. Mr. Williams believes that ten times the amount of game is killed in a year by such pests than all the tourists put together. There is no bounty on wolves in unsettled districts and the Chief Game Warden believes if a \$10 bounty were placed upon them many would be destroyed. The bounty on cougars, now \$7.50 should be raised to \$10, and it should not be necessary to destroy the whole head to obtain the bounty, thus rendering the skin worthless. The eagles might be thinned by poisoning.

Resident license fees or a gun license are pointed out as means by which funds for game protection could be found and what is needed most—protection for the small game and the birds could then be given.

Finally Mr. Williams reviews the effect of the last season on the different species of game. Mountain sheep are doing well; wapiti are increasing on the mainland though their position on the Island is doubtful as views differ though their numbers are sadly reduced; moose are doing well and so are caribou; mountain goats are holding their own; reports of deer are generally favorable; bear need protection; beaver are increasing under protection; wild fowl are decreasing and need the sanctuary of preserves; pheasants are doing well; black game and capercailzie have been introduced though the success of the experiment has still to be proved. There were 76 birds brought out, of which 19 died before release. Numbers have been seen at intervals apparently in perfect condition and it is quite probable that the experiment will have satisfactory results. The grouse season was poor. Prohibiting the sale has saved them from utter depletion but the advisability of shortening the season should be also be considered. Quail has not been a success in the Province. Numbers of European par-

tridge are reported as doing well but the year proved an unusually bad one for prairie chicken.

The report marks a stage of progress in protective work in British Columbia from which sportsmen all over the Dominion will expect great things. The

work already done by Mr. Williams is most important and promises great results for the future, particularly if he is accorded the assistance from the authorities he has the right to expect, and which the sportsmen of British Columbia will endeavor to obtain for him.

Two Touches of Human Nature.

BY STRAW HAT.

I made a trip into the north of Canada a few weeks ago with a very interesting and reliable man. He had been on the original surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway or rather the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway as that Company did not then exist.

Those surveys were made in 1874. Among the incidents which he related and which remain in my mind, was one of a man prospecting for gold in the Yellow Head Pass country. The man found gold in very great quantities, and tempted by the desire to bring out as much as possible, he stayed until he ran out both of provisions and ammunition and then started for the nearest Hudson's Bay Post. He arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company Post almost starved to death and was able to tell of his find and something about where he had found it, and then, although well cared for by the Hudson Bay Company's officers, he died shortly after his arrival. The gold he had with him went to the Hudson's Bay Company. Many have looked for his gold deposit without finding it. The gentleman who told me that story is now a mining engineer.

He also told me of an incident with a Stoney Indian at the time he arrived among them in 1874. In the month of March the Survey Party was rather short of provisions. The Chief of the Stoneys came to the Surveying Camp and said they too were out of provisions and that his son was sick. My friend asked the particulars of the illness and treated the sick boy out of the camp medicine chest and gave them some food. The treatment was successful. The Survey Party went on and forgot all about the matter.

Later on they started for an eight or nine months' trip. Th

twenty-seven months till they in their turn were out of provisions and started back in a very bad condition. They had no tents. They were as bad as the Stoneys had been when they found them in the month of March nearly three years before. When they arrived at the Stoney Indians' Camp they found them most friendly, though they did not know any of them. The Indians had just killed a large moose. The Indians brought them near the fire where they were cooking the moose. The mode of cooking was as follows: The Indians drove a long pointed stick through a quarter of moose from end to end, put one end of the stick in the ground and the other was fastened to a cross stick above so as to enable them to turn it around close to a hot fire. The Indians' plan worked very well. The cooking was a savory sight. They placed dishes on the ground directly under the moose. The members of the Surveying Party were invited to come up and help themselves, which invitation they accepted without hesitation and all pronounced the meat delicious. The Indians made them take a supply with them when they departed. My friend did not know that the boy he had treated was in the party. The Party of Surveyors camped sixteen miles away from the Indians that night. Before darkness an Indian arrived carrying three beavers' tails, a moose nose and other delicacies. He was the Chief, the sick boy's father. That Indian had walked sixteen miles in following the party to prove his gratitude for past favors.

This is a type of the Indian who has not been spoiled by contact with the white man, who cheats and despises him and finally makes the Indian like himself, robbing him both of his truthfulness and self respect.

To Hudson Bay by Canoe.

BY ROBERT T. MORRIS.

PART II.

DURING the earlier part of the trip we had seen remarkably few attractive flowers, but we now began to find the columbines, white water lillies, polygalas and pogohias. The fire weed (*Epilobium*) flamed in the burned grounds, and pink and white wild roses were in full bloom. We experimented with various lichens for the table, but found that the only desirable one was the tripe de roche of the early voyagers. This lichen made brown and gray ears over most of the exposed rocks, and we had no difficulty in getting a mess. Boiling for an hour reduced it to the form of a gelatinous potage, and if we added bacon, wild leeks, salt and pepper, the resulting compound made a nutritious, starchy repast, but one that was not remarkable for character, and we had so many better things at almost every meal that we left the lichens for others. As we journeyed down river, flowers became more and more abundant, and we realized that it was because of the advancing season, rather than from paucity of species at the first part of the trip. There

were pink and green habenarias, golden rod, St. John's wort, lupin, iron weed, self heal, meadow sweet, and a large white ranunculus. Sweet gale made thick fringes in the marshes and tall grasses *Calamagrostis*, *Stipa*, *Panicum*, *Bromus* and a number of other genera grew luxuriantly along the river banks.

We added three small fish to our list: sticklebacks, horned dace and star gazers. Smaller animals that we observed were red mice, big eared mice and beaver mice. The latter were very abundant, swimming about in shallow water and becoming the frequent prey of jackfish and dike perch. In some places almost every pike perch that we caught had from one to five beaver mice in its stomach.

Signs of beaver were found at the mouths of small streams, but we did not stop to look for houses and dams.

Every now and then a mink or an ermine would run along the bank, and we found signs of the marten. Nat told us that martens and fishers were fairly abundant. Lynx tracks were seen in many places. Woodchucks were found all of the way to the Bay, and, in fact, I have seen them as far north as Sandwich Bay in Labrador. I wonder if they come out on Candlemas Day in these latitudes, and become responsible for six weeks of weather.

On July 19th we came upon a party of starving survey-

ors who had come in by way of Biscotasing, and had made their way down part of the Kokateesh River with disaster. We photographed some of their smashed canoes that were strewn along the rapids. Fine fellows many of them were, and gentlemen, but not quite husky enough for a trip of this character. A Govern-



GYPSUM CAVERNS.

ment position had tempted them, and political influence had done the rest. They believed that a transport canoe was being rushed down to them with provisions, rifles, fishing tackle, instruments, tools and other necessities to replace their stock which was strewn along the bottom of various rapids. On our return trip we took a photograph of the emergency canoe. Both ends of the canoe pointed down stream, and the middle of the canoe buckled up stream, hung on the very last rock at the foot of a sixteen mile rapid. We gave the men some of our supplies, and shot a moose for meat.

Although we had the explorer's privilege of killing game for food, we had let all game alone, and this moose that I shot near the surveyor's camp was the only animal that I tried to shoot, with the exception of a plump bear that was basking in the water near a blue berry patch on the up trip. We were getting a bit short of provisions at that time on account of rapid traveling, so I shot the bear and we carried all of the meat with us. On July 20 we entered the Mattagami River,

with its noisy shallow rapids and long stretches of still-water. Great collections of driftwood were caught upon the rocky islands in the river, and along the banks we saw many of the landslides that are so common in clay regions. Whole hillsides had slipped into the river, carrying with them a confusion of trees. In the clay region we found innumerable springs trickling over the river bank, and whenever we were thirsty from long paddling in the sun it was only necessary to run the canoes near the bank in order to

quickly find a draught of sweet, cold water. On July 26 we came to the only very long portage that was encountered. It is about eight miles long, and I believe that at this time of the year we could have run most of the rapids and avoided making the long portage, in spite of the fact that the river was more than a half mile wide, and the channels rather difficult to choose on the half second. Nat, however had the conservatism of old age, and thought that we had better take the portage. We have run much more dangerous waters successfully in other lands, but we were a

long way from relief in case of accident, and thought it best to take Nat's advice. One does not mind getting killed in a country where the obituary notice will more than compensate for all loss, but if we disappeared here our friends would think that we were simply neglecting business for a year or two, and they would not count it as anything unusual. The portage winds up over a magnificent bluff, from which we looked over the rapids—a mile wide at one point—and forming a most impressive spectacle.

The silvery bushes of the buffalo berry grew in profusion upon the banks, and made the most beautiful foliage with which I am familiar among the shrubs. In some places the buffalo berry shrubs grew in such masses that the ground appeared to be covered with silvery snow drifts. The gray willow began to make much display along the river banks, and we were losing the grand forest of aspen poplars that had stood in majesty along the middle part of our journey. This was the first really majestic poplar forest that I had ever seen. The straight, white, round trunks



NAT AND THE NEBOGATIS.

stood in stately columns, surmounted by small heads of bluish green. Some of the poplars were more than one hundred feet in height, and the black spruces growing in full vigor among them barely reached to the lower limbs of the poplars. It is always a delight to enter a region in which any one species of plant or animal reaches its highest type of development, and the aspen forest of the Mattagami River is one to be remembered. The forest is in places so open that one might drive a carriage through it, although it would be essential to have a few expletives close at hand for emergency use.

The eight mile portage gave an opportunity to note a number of things, which we might have passed by water. Bluebells and butterfly weed (*Asclepias*) were beautifying the slopes. Blueberries, whortleberries and sugar pears were beginning to show what we might expect to add to the table on the return trip, and there were many species of vetches along the sandy trail. We tried some of the vetches for soup, but found that the quality of the soup depended largely upon the number of good things that we put into the kettle along with the vetch, and that the latter might as well be left out. Our Indians tied up many of the loose bundles for the portage with long roots, and these were found to be the roots of a sarsaparilla, growing superficially in the humus, so that one could easily get a "rope" ten feet in length and very strong. The long portage lay almost through a burned jack pine forest, but this was the limit of jack pine apparently, for we saw none below along the river. Redstarts were notably abundant along the trail, and we saw sev-

eral other warblers which could not be identified well at a distance. The only pine grosbeak seen during the summer was a female in the burned woods. A family of long eared owls, and a pair of goshawks, were very much interested in our movements and followed along at a safe distance for a while.

At the foot of the eight mile portage the river thunders over the last reef of trap rock, and sends whirling, seething eddies into two wide bays. Here the geology changes again, and we entered a Devonian area, extending the rest of the way to Hudson Bay. At the foot of the last trap dyke we found an outcropping of iron ore, a brown hematite, and further down the river a wide vein of

hematite reaching from shore to shore, and forming the bed of the river. Limestone cliffs appeared abruptly, and we found some beautiful white cliffs of gypsum, with eerie caves and fantastic pillars and columns. Our Indians were superstitious about entering the caves, but when Wake and I circled around in one of them for about one hundred feet and actually came out alive at a window, the Indians followed stepping very gingerly and expressing their emotions with



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

many grunts. In the Devonian area we found lignite abundant, and of good quality, but none of the seams were much more than two feet in thickness. We pried out about fifty pounds of coal one day for the campfire, but made the mistake of piling it up in too large chunks, so that, instead of getting a good dinner quickly, we were simply given an impressionist view of Pittsburgh, and had to finish the cooking over a wood fire. The coal fire was at its

best on the following morning after burning all night, and we managed to cook some flap jacks over it for breakfast. Fossils were extremely abundant, consisting mostly of corals of what we took to be the Lower Silurian group. In many places the fossils constituted nearly the whole stony bed and banks of the river. The forest becomes distinctly dwarfed in the Devonian area, and apparently because of the firm character of the clay bed, with shallow humus, the tree roots not being able to penetrate the clay freely. The forest consisted chiefly of small black spruce, aspen and tamarack, with no pines, and this character persisted as far as we went along the shores of Hudson Bay.

Below the falls at the foot of the eight mile portage we came to another fish, the moon eye herring, called by the Indians "Nebogatis." It was a surprise to run across the nebogatis. We had been looking for a fish that Nat called the "awatoose." He said that it could be caught easily, and that in the old days, when supplies came this way from England for Flying Post, it was the custom for the men to catch awatoose whenever they stopped to camp for the night. We did not manage to capture a single specimen of this fish, but from the presence of some stone heap nests that I saw in the river, and the similarity of the name to "ouitouche" of the Montagnais Indians, I am pretty sure that the fish is the great dace. One evening while standing near the river bank after dark I heard a strange fish breaking

water in the eddy close by, and got out the fly rod supposing that the awatoose was to be captured at last. Instead of that I immediately captured a nebogatis, and it was a great delight. The nebogatis we found to rise freely to the fly, and it chose the Parmachence Belle almost exclusively. It was the most beautiful species of fish that we caught on the trip. Shaped like a shad, it has large scales of flashing silver over which plays an iridescence of lilac, purple and pea green. It is a delicate and evanescent coloring, very different from the substan-

tial beauty of coloring of the brook trout, but most pleasing in its surprises of changing iridescence. The nebogatis was a delicious fish for the table, with firm, white flesh, and the brown fat characteristic of the herrings. It lives in trout water, and promises to become a game fish of consequence, as it makes a fine fight, does not know when it is beaten, and leaps freely from the water when hooked. Another beautiful fish that we found in the lower water was the silvery, red-finned mullet (*M. teuseuri*), but it was a rather coarse and



LYNX TRACK.

insipid fish for eating purposes. It "would do" on a pinch for breakfast, but on this trip we never had to depend upon anything that "would do."

The finding of our old friend the brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) in these waters was another surprise. We were about fifteen miles above Moose Post when I stopped to talk with a family of Cree Indians engaged in smoking fish and rabbits. We were now in the land of the

Crees and out of the hunting and fishing range of the Ojibways. After asking the father of the family about various fish to be found in the locality, I jokingly said, "Kawin oyi mushamegos," to which he instantly answered with an affirmative grunt, and turning to the smoking rack, brought out a brook trout of about six pounds weight. On arriving at Moose Post later, we learned not only that the brook trout was abundant, but that it grew to a very large size. Responsible men at the Post said that specimens of eight or ten pounds were frequently caught, and that it sometimes reached fifteen pounds in weight. I remember the disturbance that followed the capture of a ten pound brook at the Rangeleys, and the later capture of an eleven pound trout in Lake Nipigon. It is probable that some one is now to furnish us with a bigger one yet for the records. The largest trout that I caught during our short stay at Moose Post weighed just three pounds, and some smaller ones in a tributary stream were as brightly colored as any trout that I have seen. They rose to almost any sort of fly, but we did not have time to work out the haunts of the big fellows. It may seem strange to enthusiastic fishermen that one of their number on record grounds, perhaps, could not stop to look for fifteen pounders, but we have to consider that at this point the mighty Moose River is three miles wide, with rapids, shallows, channels, islands, winds and calms, and that it is difficult even to find one's way without the aid of a compass. It is different from the Connecticut brooks, in which I caught trout as a boy, when we sometimes had to stand up on a bog to see which way the brook ran. In

the Moose River, brook trout and white whales actually leap side by side, and seals raise their heads above the pools. The white whale is one of my favorite animals, and one never tires of watching the beautiful things roll out lazily from the dark flood.

The entrance of the Abitibi River into the Moose is a profound spectacle. The Abitibi itself is a monstrous river, and after impressing the wilderness with its rearing and running and resting, it finally gives up the fight for identity with a titanic rush over the rapids half a mile wide, and with a last roar that makes the rocks and the air and the forest tremble for miles away.

About ten miles of the lower Moose River is tide water, but perfectly fresh, as the current is so great that the sea simply backs it up six or eight feet on the rising tide. At high tide, belugas, grampus, porpoises and bearded seals run up the river as far as the water is set back. About the islands we saw many terns, which I took to be Wilson's and the arctic tern, but they were evidently breeding



A BROOK TROUT FROM LOWER MOOSE RIVER.

and we did not care to shoot any for identification. The mellow ringing whistle of the great yellowleg snipe could be heard all day long above the roar of the waters, and here and there we saw the solitary sandpiper and the spotted sandpiper. On tide water we saw blue herons and bitterns for the first time on the trip. We found two salt water molluscs (*Yoldia* and *Corhula*) abundant in the perfectly fresh tide water. I have not mentioned mosquitoes and black flies previously, because they are able to speak for themselves, but on the lower Moose River and along the shores of Hudson Bay we found one notable mos-

quito that we named the "oat hull." It was very large and light colored. Whenever we landed we would be instantly covered with these mosquitoes as quickly and quietly as though a puff of wind had blown oat hulls all over us. They were more companionable than vicious. At one time I set out to count the number upon the back of one of the Indians at the bow of the canoe, and by counting the number in a small square and then adding up the squares I estimated that there were eight hundred mosquitoes upon his back alone, but out of the whole covey not more than three or four were attempting to kiss him at any one time.

On the trip we depended upon the mixture of one part of carbolic acid and nine parts of sweet oil to keep off various things that sought our acquaintance. A very little of this mixture on the face and hands was effective. It is a preparation that I learned to use in Labrador, where none of the common applications would suffice. It was on July 30 that we arrived at Moose Post, situated on the beautiful park-like Moose Island at tide water. We made camp on one of the thoroughfares where there was a sand beach and a fine cold spring. Moose Post is an oasis of civilization consisting of about five hundred people, but with few whites. The Post Factor, Mr. J. B. Mowat, made our stay a very agreeable one, and we were entertained by his family. There is a church with English service, presided over by Rev. T. B. Holland; a hospital in charge of a trained nurse, Miss Johnson; and a school under the care of Mr. Oxley. At the time of our arrival the whole Post was

engaged in haying. There was a heavy crop of timothy, with considerable fescue and agrostis. The only weed in the meadows seemed to be one of the common buttercups, and it was not troublesome. We saw a handsome herd of Durham cattle, and some Clydesdale horses. I did not ask about the flock of sheep that was feeding at a distance; but they appeared to be Shropshires. Fowls do not do well at the Post, as they are apt to lose toes, combs and courage during the long winter, but we saw a num-

ber that looked hardy. In the garden we found some dear old flowers, pansies, rock et, Sweet Will i a m, primroses and others that were associated with the happy days of childhood. I do not know if these old-fashioned flowers are really more beautiful than the more gorgeous modern ones, or if it is simply a matter of first love. The pansies are perfectly hardy in this latitude, and come up every year from self sown seed. The mustards that do well in the Post gardens are cabbage,

turnip, cauliflower and radish, solanums, potato and tomato. Various legumes thrive during the short, hot summer, and currants and strawberries were right at home.

We were told that few visitors came to Moose Post, and that sometimes two or three years elapsed without a new face being seen in town, and the visitor was then often some one in hiding. Our standing was not established by the clothing that we rigged up for attendance at the church service, and if we had appeared at a Fifth Avenue church in that sort of an outfit the fire department



CLAY BANK LANDSLIDE.

might have been called to put us out. Wake found a pair of blue serge trousers at the bottom of the bag, which had been nicely creased by his valet before he left New York, but in the coat the creases ran the wrong way. He also managed to find a necktie, and with yellow moccasins and a soft cap, looked jaunty, if not devout. These bachelors always have a way of looking desirable on all sorts of occasions, while we men of family, cache the carefully and tenderly packed habiliments under the first shelter, and go on with things that are outlandish.

On July 31 we started for North Bluff, eighteen miles off, on the shores of Hudson Bay. It is not much of a bluff, and is uninhabited, but it is the sight of a beacon that guides the annual steamer of the Hudson Bay Company. Low-lying marshes, with stunted thickets of spruce and tamarack, make the western horizon. The bluff rises a few feet above the water line, and consists of shingle and sand arranged in concentric semilunar ridges, with a firm salt marsh full of round, shallow scoop

holes. A few drift boulders and much drift wood marks the shores. At low tide the receding water leaves a flat hard clay floor, so broad that when we stood upon the bluff we could not see the sea at all; and when we were at the water's edge at low tide we could not see the shore line, four or five miles away. We did not dare to stay long at the water's edge at low tide for the formation of the flats was such that I feared a bore, and while there was no bore while we were there, a perigee tide and good stiff levanter might make a fellow travel toward high ground pretty fast. The tide ran over the flats on the rise about as fast

as we could walk comfortably and watch the compass for shore.

The beach was covered irregularly with vegetation. Low spruces and tamaracks grew up to the beginning of the shingle. The lower semi-circular depressions were filled with strawberries and wild peas growing in such wonderful profusion that we could pick a mess of green peas sufficient for camp use almost from a single seat. The strawberries were very large, but the season for them was nearly at an end. I brought home a single strawberry plant with

leaves seventeen inches long, including petioles. Bushes of red and of black currants grew in detached masses on the slopes of the shingle, and there were some exquisitely sleek furry patches of tares. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the vegetation was the growth upon the barren looking, elevated shingle ridges, of a tall grass (*Elymus arenarius*) with heads of grain that would certainly be worth cultivating upon barren sands that are now worthless.

The grains were as large as grains of wild rice, and of excellent flavor. I intended to bring back specimens for experimental sowing near New York, but forgot it at the last moment, and have written Mr. Mowat asking him to send on some of the seed later. Judging from my own fields of rye for comparison, I would say that this grass ought to furnish half a ton of straw and five bushels of grain to the acre on land that is now barren waste.

Our last meal before starting up river consisted of wild green peas, whitefish and strawberries, with tender and crisp wild leeks for a relish, and wild roses for



LANDING ON HUDSON BAY TWO MILES FROM SHORE.

a garnish. We wanted to make some currant flapjacks with flour from the grain, but had no means for reducing it to flour of proper consistency.

The flat shores of Hudson Bay apparently offer ideal breeding ground for the Limicolidae, with nesting places on the shingle, resting places on the hard, salt marsh, and feeding grounds on the broad flats at low tide. Thousands of these birds were in motion about us constantly, and it was a sight worth going far to see. As the waters receded on the turn of the tide the flats became literally alive with the snipe, and wherever one looked there were bunches of the birds flying or running. Clouds of peeps drifted past us. Greater and lesser yellow-legs kept the welkin ringing. Wisps of red-breasted snipe slanted back and forth on swift wings, and Hudsonian curlew whistled their mellow monotone. Turnstones busily poked away at the holes of little molluscs, and crustaceans, and reluctantly ran a few steps to one side to let us pass. The only ducks that we saw in the marsh holes were dusky ducks and gadwalls, and the only geese that we saw were apparently wavies, but they did not stay for close inspection. The Canada geese seemed to prefer the river banks to the seashore, and while they were our daily companions along the



MUSHROOMS FOR DINNER.

Moose and lower Mattagami rivers, none were seen on the shores of the Bay. The Indians told us that the Canada geese came there in great droves in the spring and autumn, however, arriving in spring a few days before the breaking up of the ice, and living upon willow browse in the thickets.

An interesting feature was the color of the water of the Bay. As the tide rolls in over the clay floor it becomes milky white, and so opaque that one cannot see beneath the surface at all. It is not dirty water, for the clay is too nice in quality, and we shall always remember this part of our trip as the land of the milky flood.

On August 4 we reluctantly said good-bye to our friends at Moose Post, and began our return trip up river, realizing that the summer was ending just after it had begun. The later season had its joys, however. We feasted on blueberries, whortleberries, sugar pears, raspberries and currants whenever the portages offered opportunity. Five flowered and closed gentians added their wonderful blues to the bank colors, and sweetly scented



NORODY'S BEACH, HUDSON BAY.

ladies' tresses grew up from the stony ground left bare by the summer stage of water. Chelonias overhung the springs, and evening primroses made bright, yellow spots on barren ridges. By August 7 the young Canada geese and young black ducks were in full flight, but the whistlers and mergansers could not rise from the water until some days later. By August 20 the leaves of poplar, birch and hazel were rapidly changing to autumn colors. Carolina rails and a few teal ducks jumped out of the wild rice beds as we pushed through with the canoes.

Two months and a half were required for the round trip, and we could not have made it more rapidly with comfort. There were few rainy days, and few days with high winds. The prevailing wind was from the southwest, and the weather on the whole rather warm, excepting at Hudson Bay, when the ice wind would move inland for a few hours at a time. Clouds typical of the region appeared almost daily. In the morning the sky would be beautifully clear until about ten o'clock, when small detached flecks of nimbus clouds would appear. These would increase by two o'clock to large masses of cumulo-nimbus, and late in the afternoon to form solid banks of cumulus, which sometimes spilled over a little. The trend of the archæan rocks seemed to be east-northeast and west-southwest. Fluvial erosion was oblique in the archæan rocks, and rectangular in the traps.

Pitcher plants and butterworts were the only insectivorous plants that we observed on the trip, and we saw none of our old and expected friends, the sun-dews.

For freedom from accident of any sort on the trip we give credit to our tough and shapely Oldtown canoes, and to our expert Indian canoeemen. After a thousand miles of canoe trip in the wilderness without mishap, the porter in the sleeping car stepped on my toe and nearly laid me up for a week. The only misfortune on the trip was at the outset. I had laboriously and arbitrarily committed to memory about two hundred new Ojibway words, with my canoeeman as teacher, when I suddenly discovered that my teacher stuttered, and the whole new vocabulary tottered on its pedestal.

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BOOKS OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN

Out doors, a book of the woods, fields, and marsh lands, by Ernest McGaffey (New York : Charles Scribner's Sons) is a little volume full of delights to the ordinary sportsman. It is really a collection of sporting essays upon different phases of outdoor life and their variety testify to the wide experience Mr. McGaffey has had and the excellent uses he has made of his eyes. He is equally at home in both hunting and fishing subjects, while his descriptions of woodland scenes are of the best. "In the haunts of the Loon" is a fine paper, both interesting and instructive and the same may be said for the ones on "Blue Bells and Decoys," "Flights of Common Birds," "Walking as an Art," "Under a Greenwood Tree," "Along a Country Road," "A Northern Nightingale," and several others. Short descriptive essays of this character appeal to many sportsmen as they pass half hours very pleasantly and lead one to spend over again, in delightful imagination, a number of the best of our own experiences. The variety to be found in the thirty-two sketches is such that some must be found amongst them to appeal to the particular taste of the individual sportsman who consults this book. One can certainly spend a number of pleasant half hours in its company either in camp or at home.

Five Thousand Facts about Canada (The Canadian Facts Publishing Company, 666 Spadina Avenue, Toronto) is a collection of facts about his own country which every Canadian ought to know but with which he could not hope to burden his memory. The compilation is done by Mr. Frank Yeigh, a well known writer and lecturer on Canadian subjects, and is conveniently arranged and classified. There are many Canadians, who will be greatly indebted to the compiler for such a means of ready reference to Canadian

facts which in this growing time in the history of the country every one wants to have at hand. There are many curious and interesting facts amongst the large number quoted and every reader can with advantage turn to this little work and find something in it interesting, instructive, and also of value, whatever may be his occupation or calling.

A new edition of an old favorite—Webster's International Dictionary—has recently been published by the G. and C. Merriam Company of Springfield, Mass. This dictionary is a good deal more than an ordinary dictionary for it includes within its covers a history of the English language, a guide to pronunciation—a most useful adjunct—a dictionary of fiction and many other features, two of which at least deserve special mention. These are a new gazeteer and a new biographical dictionary. These make the book not only a most useful work of reference but an absolutely essential one for all who have occasion to consult such a book on one or more of the various topics with which it deals. In these days such references are often needed by a great many people, and to no work can they be referred with a greater certainty of finding just what they require than to Webster's International Dictionary. The new edition is so complete that it must appeal to an even wider audience than habitual users of a dictionary though that class is a fairly wide one today. With this new edition "Webster" should be more than ever a household word.

Well meriting the term of a book of reference must be the verdict upon the latest catalogue issued by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass. It certainly is a good deal more than a catalogue

and every user of firearms can obtain many pleasant half hours and a full fund of information from its perusal. A short history of the firm under whose name it is issued, which firm has obtained a foremost position in firearms production, is given a prominent position in the front part of the work. From this we learn that the origin of the concern goes back to 1864 and from small beginnings it has progressed until at the present time the plant covers over twelve and a half acres and the company can boast of being the largest producers of firearms for sporting purposes in the whole world. As can be well imagined this position has only been attained and can only be kept by equipping the factory with the latest machinery and maintaining a staff of skilled artisans of the highest grade. Year by year the variety of guns manufactured has been added to until at present the firm is engaged in manufacturing lines of rifles, shot guns, pistols, telescopes and accessories requiring a catalogue of 160 pages to properly describe and illustrate. These descriptions and illustrations are plain and helpful and any man, whether a new beginner or a veteran in the field, can learn much from them. A fine idea is that of giving prices of all component parts in order that any time when replacements are required they can be ordered, and the owner of the rifle, shot gun, or pistol knows exactly what the cost to himself will be. It is comparatively easy, by means of this catalogue, for an owner to learn much of his favorite firearm and to even gain a considerable technical knowledge. The latter will add much to his pleasure and to his confidence in the use of his weapon, and consequently to his ability as a marksman. While many of the weapons listed in this catalogue are old and well tried friends, of which many readers will possess good knowledge, particular attention is called to the new Little Scout, the Repeating Gallery Rifles, the Double Barrel Hammerless Shot Gun and the firm's Odorless Gun Oil. The importance of the accessories is not likely to be overlooked by anyone who has used a gun, and those of Messrs. Stevens show how much attention the firm has given to these portions of their productions. Upon them depend



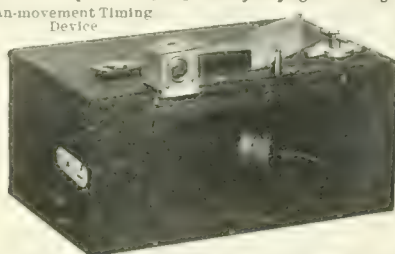
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much of the comfort and success of the sportsmen, and with them and the knowledge given in this book no one need doubt his ability to become a good shot. The firm also does good work in rebor-ing old rifles and can give many an old favorite a renewed lease of life by this method. A good deal of information is given on cartridges and in addition to this and the ordinary catalogue matter, there are chapters on The Choice of a Rifle, Weight of Rifles, Sights, Sighting Rifles, Care of Rifles, Testing a Rifle, Method of Cleaning Shotguns, etc. The front cover gives a picture of representatives of nations in all parts of the world in their distinctive dresses using one or other of Steven's firearms, and the back cover shows the large plants where manufacturing is carried on. Altogether this book is one no sportsmen or lover of a gun should be without and every reader interested can obtain a copy by enclosing five stamps with a request for the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

An Official Recognition of the New Order of Things

Out of a very unpromising looking Government publication, entitled, "Eleventh Annual Report on Highway Improvement, Ontario, 1907" is extracted the following, and as it may well apply to every part of Canada, we give it in full:

"The situation is at present being complicated by the growing use of the roads by automobiles. The automobile on the country road is undoubtedly producing, at the present time, much hardship. Occasionally accidents are reported, and that the number is not greater, is partially due to the fact that farmers, and their wives and daughters especially, are compelled to use the roads with horses less than they would otherwise do, owing to the fear of meeting an automobile. This is most unfortunate and it is not a matter of surprise that much feeling has arisen antagonistic to the automobile.

The automobile, however, is a new invention, and like other inventions which have disturbed established conditions, is meeting with much opposition. It is a machine the usefulness of which is certain to increase. At the present time the cost is excessive, but that is a matter which time will regulate. Automobiles are at present controlled by many patents, and changes are constantly being made in their mechanism. When the highest type has been reached, the parts will be standardized, the increased use of these vehicles will cause many more to be manufactured, and the price will be reduced. Each automobile comprises not a carriage alone, but horse and harness as well. When the entire outfit, represented in this way, can be produced for the price of a horse, carriage and harness, they will be used not only by people of wealth, but by the citizens generally.

In England the use of highways by automobiles is much in excess of the condition in Canada. In France, Germany and other European countries the situation has become much more acute. A vastly greater number of these vehicles are used on a more limited road mileage. But they are being adapted to farm traffic, and motor trucks are used to collect and carry agricultural produce to the markets.

Demands upon automobilists, and the regulation of the use of roads by automobiles, while a matter of the greatest necessity, should therefore be made with a view to the future use of these machines, as well as the present. Past history shows that the steam engine, spinning machines, the bicycle and other innovations, have been received with opposition, but such struggles can only end in the survival of the fittest.

None, perhaps, realize the unpleasantness of the situation more than do responsible users of automobiles. It is greatly to the credit of the Automobile Club of Toronto and similar organizations, that they are using their influence to discourage the unreasonable use of these machines on the public highways, aiding in the conviction of those who transgress the Provincial statutes in this respect. The raised hand of a driver, or the evidence that horses are becoming unmanageable, should always cause a reasonable automobilist to bring his machine to a standstill, and to aid the driver in controlling the frightened horses."

The above contains many truths and even though automobilists may think portions exaggerated there are lessons in it which all might well take to heart and consideration of which will do no harm to anyone. Without doubt the automobile has come to stay and the sooner we

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adapt ourselves to the new conditions the better for all of us.

An Industrial Achievement.

A fine book, well printed on superior paper, with numerous beautiful colored illustrations, and a superior binding, contains the story of the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Conn. That story forms one of the many romances of business—romances to which greater attention will one day be given though they are not so completely overlooked today as was once the case. The story of the Pope Company is deeply interesting and loses nothing in the way in which it is told. It is the story of a gigantic achievement in a form of industry which is rapidly bringing about a revolution in locomotion, the importance of which is by no means properly appreciated, even by those whose lives are being spent in its development and progress. Col. Albert A. Pope, the Pres-

ident, was the founder of the Company, and the early difficulties he overcame are competently and feelingly told. It was a humble beginning, but it grew fast and its rapid growth brought about its own troubles. In the first place the firm was engaged in dealing in bicycles and did an importing business. The next stage was an association with a company at Hartford, Conn., and the absorption of this company with the Pope Company followed. As soon as auto manufacturing business commenced patent difficulties threatened to stop the work. These were overcome by the purchase of the patents and the broad minded policy which from the first has marked the administration of the Pope Company was shown in the issuing of licenses to every reputable firm applying for them, even to their old rivals. A notable feature in the history of the firm has been the attention paid and the amount spent upon a campaign for good roads. The firm was one of the earliest on this continent to

pay attention to automobiles, and Col. Pope early saw the great possibilities of the new industry. As a result of the early zeal and efforts of those forming the Company and the staff, the Pope Manufacturing Company has grown until today it is an organized corporation with a capital of \$22,500,000 operating in its own name a splendid plant at Hartford, Conn., a factory at Westfield, Mass., and one at Hagerstown, Maryland. The Pope Motor Company operating two factories at Toledo and Indianapolis is a subsidiary company, altogether controlled by the Pope Company, as is also the Columbia Steel Company, of Elyria, O. The descriptions given of the various offices, the methods followed, the several manufacturing establishments, all have an interest of their own, particularly as showing the marvelous developments in the automobile industry which leads one to speculate almost wildly as to its future. Wide and general as we believe that future to be, the Pope Company will have won a niche in the Temple of Fame from which they cannot be displaced. It is well to put on record in this splendid fashion the particulars of an Industrial Achievement of which all who have been and are now connected with it may well be proud. Col. Pope has been fortunate in his associates and subordinates for the great results accomplished have only been made possible by the loyalty and whole hearted co-operation of the whole of a very large staff. Four pages are given up to illustrations of the cups and trophies won by the products of the firm and the whole is completed by an index which renders reference easy and enables the reader to very easily and quickly find any particular portion in which he may be interested. The Company is to be congratulated not only on its fine record but also on the very handsome way in which that record is set forth.

Railways and Motor Vehicles.

Every month sees some extension of the use of motor vehicles, and the time cannot be far distant when their wide use in fields hitherto unexplored will be taken as a matter of course. The

railways of the old country, for all their conservative management, are taking kindly to them. Motor busses await the arrival of the trains at the great London termini and by their means passengers are either transferred to their own homes or taken to other depots from which they can continue their journeys. In the country districts small towns and villages lying some distance from the line are by their means linked up with great railway systems. In addition to these passenger services a good deal of freight has been and will continue to be handled by means of motor cars. It is claimed that in the remote country districts the advent of these cars has widened the markets for the farmers, thus ensuring him far higher prices and much improved the postal service as the authorities have not been slow to make use of these cars for the conveyance of the mails.

Watering Streets by Motor.

In this connection all motorists will be interested in learning that a new type of automobile street sprinkler has been added to the street department of the Berlin municipality. The wagon is driven by a gasoline engine carried forward and has a huge metal tank with two sprinklers in the rear. The throw of water outwardly is calculated to water the full width of the average street at one passage. Being as rapid as the average street vehicle, the automobile water sprinkler does not obstruct the traffic in the same way as horse wagons. The capacity of the tank is at least four times that of the old type of vehicle.

A Hard Test.

While no portion of the Glidden tour will this year be run in Canada, the motorists of the Dominion cannot fail to be interested in all that concerns the successful carrying out of that great undertaking. A sort of advance guard to survey the ground has been sent out and it is proposed to cover the whole of the route in one-half of the time that will be given to the tour proper when it comes off. This will mean a uniform speed of twenty miles per hour and experienced

A Boon to the Motorist

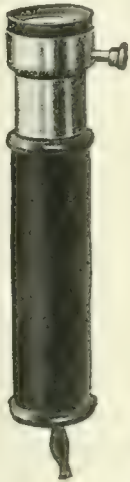
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drivers agree that the hardest test to which a car can be put is to maintain such a speed over average American roads. To maintain this speed for a distance of over 1,500 miles is regarded as a test that gives lasting proof of the reliability and stamina of a car. The advance guard are using a Thomas Speedway Flyer.

Speeding up the Auto.

Rural gentlemen will be more persuaded than ever that the auto is a thing of evil if the statement reaches them that the Thomas Speedway Flyer is guaranteed by the company to have a speed of seventy miles per hour. To give some idea of what this means it may be stated that Wagner, the driver of the fine Darracq car—the finest piece of mechanism ever seen on the race track—won the Vanderbilt Cup in his powerful racing machine with the average of a fraction over sixty-one miles per hour. Truly a terrific speed but one it is not intended to

try upon ordinary busy highways. With such American cars no one need go abroad, and though there will always be adherents of foreign cars it is something to know how well Americans keep up to them.

A Wonderful Development.

How marvelously the motor industry is developing is well illustrated by the growth of the E. R. Thomas Company. On the first anniversary of the organization of the Company the announcement is made of the completion of plans for the erection of a new factory. Twelve acres of land have been purchased about four miles from the present location and two units of the buildings will be up by September first, others being added as the extension of the business calls for them. The main buildings will be 400 feet by 90 feet and three stories in height. There will be a separate power plant of large dimensions, a stock building and a testing building, and a large garage

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thoroughly well equipped. In all the Company will have 100,000 square feet of space. Every idea of merit and many new ideas never before used in the construction of an automobile factory will be adopted. The E. R. Thomas Companies of Detroit and Buffalo, although separate organizations are closely associated. The Buffalo Company manufactures the Thomas Flyer while the Detroit Company manufactures the Thomas Forty. The two organizations will soon have 450,000 square feet of factory and give employment to over 1,500 men, making the combined enterprises one of the greatest automobile organizations in the world.

A School for Auto Drivers

Automobile driving is rapidly becoming a profession and it is well young men should be prepared for it. A school was organized last fall in connection with the E. R. Thomas Motor Company, of Buffalo, and a portion of one of the buildings set apart for this purpose. The prospec-

tive drivers included several young Canadians, and more than one amongst them intimated that they hoped to use the positions when attained as a stepping stone to better things, the work bringing them into contact with men who were in a position to help them.

Importance of Raw Material.

Mr. Gustave Chedru, who has been engaged in auto designing for fourteen years and gas engine designing for eighteen years has recently, after a tour of inspection in automobile manufacturing centers in both Europe and America decided to take up his permanent residence on this continent, making a notable accession to the ranks of the automobile designers and engineers of America. As a result of this tour this expert believes the American plants for the preparation of raw material to be used in the manufacture of automobiles are far ahead of the position given them by the popular idea in Europe. Many of the factories are now setting aside separate departments of their plants for automobile work alone. Mr. Chedru is head of the foreign designing staff of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company.

A Memorable Endurance Run.

A recent endurance run from New York to Albany appears from the many individual accounts given to have been one of the hardest tests to which autos have ever been submitted. There were twenty-seven starters from New York, and from the beginning difficulties set in by the battalion. For over one hundred miles the journey was continued in a drenching rainstorm, over rough roads, steep hills, and high mountains, through mud—mud of the thick, deep, pasty, shiny, slippery, plain, old fashioned kind—and it was no surprise that only eighteen cars finished. The stress is best illustrated by the statement that this was the first run in the States in which no car finished with a perfect score. This was due to the practically impassible roads and not to any fault of construction. The run however proved that the automobile is a dependable mode of conveyance even under conditions that would have brought to grief any vehicle other than the horseless.



SPORTS AFLOAT!

Being a Section Devoted to Those Who Brave Wind
and Wave, in White-winged Yacht or Dainty Canoe,
in Fragile Shell or Swift Power Boat

Edited by

LOU. E.
MARSH

The Canada's Cup Boats.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's contingent of Canada's Cup boats is at last complete. Adele, the little racer A. E. Payne designed and Summerhayes built in England for Cawthra Mulock, was the first craft to show up in Toronto harbor, and she arrived there on June 7th after a tempestuous voyage from Kingston. Twice she was forced to put back to port with damaged rigging—her spreaders carried away—but she arrived in excellent shape. Aileen II, the boat Mylne designed and had built in the old country for W. L. Gooderham, was the second to turn up. Adele was three weeks late and Aileen II was two weeks later than Adele was. The week Aileen II arrived Crusader, the Canadian built Fife boat, was launched at Oakville for Vice Commodore Frederick Nicholls. All three Canadian Cup boats are little yachts in every sense of the word.

Across the line Nat Herreshoff, the blind wizard, has beaten the rule and turned out a saucy looking racing machine—a craft so weak and of such an extreme type that Herreshoff himself said that she was built for the one series of races alone. Her four tons of lead is such a strain upon her that it had to be strapped to her bottom with phosphor bronze straps. She cost the Rochester people \$5,200 and will not be worth a tinker's dam in a year. On this side every one of the three is a staunchly built little ship, good for many seasons after the racing is over. The Herreshoff craft is the next thing to an out and out fin keel. She is much longer both on deck and in the waterline and a foot beamier than the widest Canadian boat but she carries less canvas—1150 square feet. She is hornless and her bow is carved away out to a fine point—so much so that her

fin and lead looks to be placed away too far aft and she has a thin stern of the fantail variety. The three Canadian boats are all pleasing to the eye. Adele is a little Strathcona in profile and Aileen II greatly resembles Zoraya in outward appearance. Both are chubby looking little boats with short overhangings. The Crusader is not unlike Temeraire as she sits in the water, but a closer view shows that she is essentially what Temeraire is not—a light weather boat. Fife learned his lesson in 1905 when the Iroquois trimmed Temeraire in light airs and won the cup, though Temeraire was miles the better boat in a wind and sea. This year he has turned out a light weather flyer—at least in the preliminary work since she has been launched she has shown some speed in soft airs. Crusader is painted a simple green and white—the white above and green below, with a natural wood deck. Adele too is a light weather boat—on her preliminary performance. Going out to weather in a slack wind seems to be her forte. She rambles along at a dangerous gait that way and on reaching she seems to be fair to middling. Adele when she arrived was away high by the head but her ballast is to be changed to bring her down. Adele is a dream in polished mahogany. Just above the waterline she has a broad silver band and beneath the water she is red. Aileen II has varnished topsides, with a golden gouge streak and white underbody.

Aileen II seems to be the pick of the fleet in anything like a breeze, or rather she seems to stand up better to a wind. Whether she will go any faster than they do remains to be seen for up to this writing the three had not hooked up. Aileen II is like Zoraya a black boat and she has the same chubby nose and heavy



ADELE, THE PAYNE DESIGNED CANADA'S CUP CHALLENGER.

This Boat was Built in England for Mr. Cawthra Mulock, R. C. Y. C.

stern as Zoraya and looks like a "pounder" in a sea, but if she can sneak along in light airs like Zoraya she is a good one.

The trial races for Canada's Cup challengers are scheduled for this month and the controversy will soon be settled.

Canada's Cup Skippers.

While the Rochester Yacht Club people were busy worrying about a skipper for the cup defender, Seneca, and wavering between Laurie S. Mobbatt, the "home brew" and Addison S. Hanan, the New Yorker, who snatched Canada's cup from us in 1903 when Aemilius Jarvis the Strathcona had John Barr the "pro" and Irondequoit "licked" in two straight races, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is quietly backing Aemilius Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis said he would sail Adele for Mr. Mulock in the cup trials—in fact he is handling her for Mr. Mulock—and of-

fered his services to the Club for anything in the Cup line.

The Crusader is being sailed by E. K. M. Wedd who sailed Temeraire, the challenger in the 1905 cup races, while R. N. Gooderham, a twenty year old chap who is just breaking out from the dinghy and skiff races, is at the helm in Aileen II. This youngster, Gooderham, was a dandy in the small classes. He has had experience on Invader, the successful cup challenger of 1901, and on several other boats of respectable size and is no novice. He has plenty of nerve and will stick at his task no matter what comes. He is gathering a crew of young fellows and expects to make a good showing even against Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Wedd.

By the way Wedd too is a graduate of the 16 foot L.S.S.A. skiff class.

Thriving Club at Goderich.

The annual meeting of the Goderich Canoe Club was held recently with a

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most enthusiastic attendance. The officers elected are as follows :—

Hon. President, E. N. Lewis, M. P ;
First Vice President, E. L. Dickinson ;
Second Vice President, Judge Holt ;
honorary members, W. L. Horton, L. E. Dancy, William Proudfoot, E. A. Attrill ;
President, Dr. W. S. Turnbull ; First Vice-President, Joseph M. Piggott ; Second Vice-President, Walter E. Kelly ;
Secretary, Dr. L. E. Malone ; Treasurer, Fred. W. Brophy ; Commodore, G. L. Parsons ; Vice-Commodore, H. O. Sturdy ; Executive, P. L. Walton, F. B. Holmes, Wilfred McLean, L. Harrison, Roy Adams ; Chaplin M. B. Turnbull.

The season will open with the canoe club's ball in the Hotel Goderich on June 25th. The annual regatta will be held during August, arrangements for which are being arranged on an elaborate scale.

Island Acquatics

The Island Aquatic Association of Toronto is working hard to get another war canoe crew of championship calibre together. They had a good crew in 1905 but in 1906 it went stale. The Club has procured a new Dean canoe. The 1907 officers are :—

Hon. President — J. P. Murray, re-elected.

President, A. R. Denison, re-elected.

First Vice President, Geo. Dunstan.

Second Vice-President, G. R. Coppling.

Third Vice-President, T. K. Wade.

Hon. Treasurer, A. L. Eastmure, re-elected.

Captain, S. L. Trees, re-elected.

Secretary, H. S. Sweetman.

The Lachine Boating Club.

The Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club, Montreal held its annual general meeting at the M. A. A. A. The office bearers for the ensuing year will be :—

Hon. Presidents, T. A. Dawes, F. D. Monk, M. P. ; R. Bickerdike, M. P., E. S. Clouston, Peter Lyall.

President, W. D. Birnhall.

1st Vice-President, Harold G. Dawson.

2nd Vice-President, Leonard A. Johnston.

Sec-Treasurer, Arthur B. Smith.

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Committee, Dr. A. Cliff, Jack, P. F. Gifford, A. S. Birchall, Herbert W. Hale, J. S. R. McLernon.

The secretary's report showed that the finances of the club were in a satisfactory position and there was a credit balance. The prospects were bright for the coming season and it is expected that with the addition of new blood the club will be again in a position to occupy a premier position in Canadian rowing circles.

Crews will be sent out to compete in outside regattas, as usual, and an endeavor will be made to get as many crews in as possible.

St. Kitt's Much Alive.

The annual meeting of St. Catharines Rowing and Canoe Club was largely attended and the following officers were elected :—

President—Capt. A. H. Malcolmson.

Vice-President—John Dawes.

Secretary—R. Schram.

Treasurer—R. G. Connolly.

Executive Committee — R. Robinson, E. Austin and H. Phelps.

Auditors—G. B. Burson and S. W. Secord.

The meeting was very enthusiastic and arrangements were made for entering local crews in the regatta this year. Two new shells will be presented to the club, one by the lawyers of the city and the other by the physicians.

Trunks After New Club House.

The Grand Trunk Boating Club of Montreal has a project on hand for the creation of a new club house. A Committee has been formed to raise the money and look after plans. The club has completely outgrown its present quarters. Its finances are good.

The club was officially represented at six outside regattas last year ; Dominion Day regatta, Toronto ; St. Lambert, Lachine, Canoe Association, Aylmer ; Longueuil and Chateauguay, where they entered thirty-two crews in twenty-seven events, winning twenty firsts and nine seconds, including the Canadian Canoe Association championships in senior single (W. Brownrigg) ; intermediate single (Mr. Geo. Kelly) ;

junior four-in-canoe (Messrs. Morris, Hadley Brothers and Murdock.)

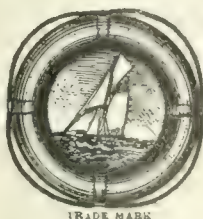
Pulford Still Captain.

The Ottawa Rowing Club at its annual meeting did not deal with the question of the eligibility of Captain E. H. Pulford under C. A. A. U. or C. A. A. O. rules. They will "butt" into trouble on this matter before the season is much older. Coach Stevenson has been re-engaged and is busy on the fours and eights.

The election of officers resulted as follows :—

Hon. patron, Earl Grey ; hon. president, R. H. Haycock ; president, W. A. Cameron ; first vice president, T. D'Arcy McGee ; second vice, president, G. B. Green jr. ; captain, E. H. Pulford ; secretary-treasurer, Rupert W. Nichols ; committee, Messrs, Baskerville, Ridley, Chambers, Phillips, Haycock, Sheriff and Steed ; auditors, Messrs. Carbonneau and Lewis.

Boat owners, who take a pride in their craft and always want the best accessories to go with them, should consult the new catalogue of the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company, 19 Warren St., New York. For some time past this Company has done much in the portable lamp industry, particularly as concerns cycles and automobiles, and they have now devised and are placing on the market, a most attractive series of acetylene search-lights which have been named the "Baby Grands." These combine, head, port, and starboard lights and comply with the marine navigation requirements on boats up to ten tons. Acetylene is the most brilliant of all illuminants, and only requires a small frame to make a very powerful light. These lights, backed up by a fine ground Mangin Lens, throw powerful concentrated rays in the manner of search lights, can "pick up" objects far ahead and as the focus of the burner can be adjusted to suit, a closer and more diffused light can be had at any time. The side lights have their own reflector surfaces and very strongly show the colored signals. When head on both lights are plainly discernible, and when turning, either one "looms



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up" with true safety signal requirements. The appearance is improved, the trouble is much less, and the effectiveness is far greater by the use of this device. While these goods are distributed through the trade if there is any difficulty in obtaining them, a line to the manufacturers direct will ensure both a supply of the goods with full directions, and any advice as to acetylene matters that may be wished.

Testing a Marine Engine.

A very satisfactory test was recently made of one of the new Heldreth ten horse power three cylinder marine engines manufactured by the Heldreth Manufacturing Company of Lansing, Mich. The engine was sold to the Bay City (Mich.) Boat Company and was installed in a thirty foot boat of nine foot beam. On her trial trip the boat covered forty miles in four hours through a heavy sea. When the weather conditions are taken into consideration as well as the fact that the boat is beamy in proportion to her length the test was considered by all who wit-

nessed the performance to have proved highly successful.

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OUR MEDICINE BAG

Many of our visitors from the States will be glad to know that Temagami, (Ont.) has now been established as an outport of Customs for the examination of baggage under the port of Ottawa. This will undoubtedly prove a great convenience to the ever increasing number of summer visitors to the delightful region to be entered from Temagami. They will now be enabled to send their baggage right through to that station and can in the meantime enjoy themselves with that freedom from trouble which a knowledge that the baggage is all right invariably gives. The experience of travelers in Canada, always pleasant, will receive a material addition from this latest arrangement for their convenience.

The Perth Branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association now number 116 and "there are others yet to hear from." It is clear that the energetic Secretary, Mr. A. C. Shaw, has inculcated many of his fellow townsmen with his own ideas on the subject.

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, C. M. G., whose name is well known to everyone interested in exploration and in that robust kind of missionary work which attracts attention all over the world, is at present on a visit to his home in England. Taking advantage of his presence in the old country the University of Oxford has conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine and in future the devoted Labrador medical missionary will be entitled to write his name as W. T. Grenfell, C. M. G., M. D. (Oxon) honorary titles of which any man might well be proud, but doubly so in the case of the Doctor as although the titles are honorary they have also been hardy earned, and are marks of distinction won on a

field which appeared at the time he entered on his self-imposed task devoid of honor or reward of any kind further than that of consciousness of duty well done. All readers of "Rod and Gun" will join in congratulations and trust that under the renewed stimulus which comes from the approval of one's fellows, the Doctor will long continue his merciful work on the bleak coasts of Labrador.

An important Order-in-Council has just been passed by the Ontario Government prohibiting the hunting and killing of English or Mongolian pheasants in the Province for three years from September 1907. The purchase or sale of partridge, quail, snipe and woodcock is prohibited for three years from September 1907.

Big game, it is reported, have wintered well in New Brunswick, and several moose and deer have been seen disporting themselves in the farmers' fields.

A few specimens of the scarlet tanager have put in an appearance this spring in the neighborhood of Zealand Station, New Brunswick. This is a very rare bird in that district but some have been taken and mounted by Avery Moorehouse, the local taxidermist.

"Fish never die a natural death;" is the startling observation of an observant fisherman. His reasoning sounds good. "If they did bodies of dead fish would be floating on the surface of the water all the time, because such bodies, if unmolested, would have to float." Of course the meaning of the statement is that fish in their natural state never die. This opens up a most interesting subject and one which may be debated.

for long enough without full proof being obtained. The fish is described as living not only a strenuous but also an entirely selfish life. "A fish lives only to eat and to avoid being eaten." There is evidently much yet to be learned regarding the finny denizens of the deep.

An appreciative notice of the career and public work of Dr. Robert Bell, F. R. G. S. was recently published in one of the Ottawa journals. The Doctor has done much hard and pioneer work, the full results of which cannot be fully appreciated till future years make plain the very important nature of his services upon the progress and development of the Dominion. He has been engaged in both topographical and geological explorations and actual surveys for which purpose he has visited Hudson Bay on several occasions and on one nine occasions gone through the Hudson Straits. In over two hundred reports and papers are some of the results of his works on the geology, geography, biology, forestry, etc., of Canada to be found. Dr. Bell was placed in charge of the Geological Department in 1902 and from that time onward the Department has gained new life. Of the total number of maps which have been published during the sixty-three years from the commencement of the Survey almost half have been produced during the five years Dr. Bell has been in control. Dr. Bell originated the International Committee of the Canadian and United States Surveys, which has already accomplished much in harmonizing the results of geological work over the whole continent. He holds many scientific and academic distinctions and is to preside at the next meeting of the International Geological Congress to be held in Vienna in 1908.

The three hotels in the Temagami district, together with the boats of the O'Connor Steamboat and Hotel Company, will this year be under entirely new management, and a number of modern improvements will be introduced into both services. Negotiations, which have extended over several months, have

resulted in the introduction of a large amount of new capital into the O'Connor Steamboat and Hotel Company. The personnel of the directorate of the company has largely changed and is now as follows: Mr. David Fasken, President; Mr. W. G. Gooderham, Vice-president; Mr. W. H. Gooderham, Secretary-Treasurer, and Mr. C. D. Warren and Mr. John Bourke Directors. The new executive of the company, after giving the matter of the appointment of a General Manager great consideration, have selected for that position Capt. John Malcolmson, known to thousands of tourists and travelers from every part of the continent for years as the manager of the Welland House, at St. Catharines. Captain Malcolmson has enjoyed many years of experience in catering to the creature comforts of American tourists especially, and in his conduct of the three hotels owned by the company he will have all the advantage to be obtained from an efficient and thoroughly trained staff of employes in each hotel. This season will see the three hotels more modernized, but still retaining the quaint rustic simplicity, so much in keeping with their surroundings, and so keenly enjoyed by visitors. Mr. Dan O'Connor, whose long career and many enterprises in the Temagami district have earned for him the title of the "King of the Temagami," has given up the management of the company, and he will devote his attention to his important mining interests, being succeeded by Captain Malcolmson. Mr. O'Connor will still retain his connection with the company as a shareholder.

An exceedingly fine reproduction of the painting by Mr. E. H. Osthaus, of the subject of the 1907 calendar, issued by the Du Pont Powder Company has been gotten out by the same Company and will form a splendid addition to any sportsman's library, rooms or "den." The subject is a lesson to puppies in the art of retrieving birds. Some birds that have been shot are lying on boards near which is standing the gun of one of the two men engaged in giving the lesson. One puppy is bringing a bird to his mas-

ter and the man is represented in the act of stepping forward with both hands extended in order to receive the bird. The self satisfied air of the puppy doing the work, the efforts of a second one to help it and the intelligent and interested looks of two others who are watching the performance, evidently taking the lesson to heart, are so natural and life like that the feelings of every sportsman noting them cannot fail to be stirred by remembrances of like scenes in his own experiences. A fifth puppy is nosing at the remaining birds clearly with a view of repeating the performance in his own case and thus himself earning a word of commendation from his master. The attitudes of the two men are likewise characteristic. One stands with his gun under his left arm, pipe in mouth, and a broad smile upon his face watching the performance of the puppy with genuine satisfaction. In each hand he holds a brace of birds which have previously been brought by the puppies. The second man waiting to receive the bird is ready to give words of advice and commendation to his promising pupils. The scene is a typical country one with all the surroundings in harmony. The men have evidently returned from a successful shoot and have thus a fine opportunity to give the puppies a lesson. This takes place within a good picket fence. On the other side of the road is a straight fence with farm buildings behind and woods in the distance. The colors are well blended, both men and dogs are more than figures, and the whole purport of the lesson is clearly indicated in every action. The scene itself, the artistic nature of the work, and the fineness of the reproduction all combine to make this picture worthy of framing and sportsmen will find their collections incomplete without it. The Du Pont Powder Company is to be congratulated alike upon the excellence of its choice and the manner of reproduction. There is nothing of an advertising nature about it. The Company hopes to reap any benefit accruing from it indirectly, and would accordingly ask every recipient to tell his friends how he became possessed of it. Any of our readers can obtain a copy by forwarding 50 cents in stamps, money,

or order to the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, Wilmington, Del., and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Montreal River, which many explorers, canoeists, campers and sportsmen generally have learned by personal experience is far removed from the city of Montreal, is gaining fresh fame as a new mining district. The Montreal River is in Ontario, and it is believed is equally as rich as Cobalt as a silver bearing area. Many prospectors have been making their way thither for the past few months and even the rigors of a Northern winter did not deter them from the task. With the opening up of navigation, the advance army has been strongly reinforced until reports state that the migration is so large as to present features of difficulty for the Government to deal with adequately. Transportation has been the great difficulty, but with the advent of some thousands of people into what was formerly a wilderness, means will be found to provide transportation and already there are several schemes in the air, amongst them the placing of boats on the river with tramways round the portages to connect with boats on other water stretches.

Curious coincidences do sometimes occur, and on a recent date Messrs. A. F. Meisselbach & Bro. of Newark, N. J., the celebrated makers of fishing reels, received two letters, one of which was a complete answer to the other. We quote the two letters below as there may be many of our fishermen readers who will be pleased to have the information asked for by the correspondent who wrote from Leadville, Col., as under:—"I have been using your Fishing Reels for the last ten years and want nothing better. Have two "Expert" and a "Featherlight," but I wish to learn the art of bait casting. I have a rod and put on your "Expert" but somehow can't manage it properly. Have you a reel that is better for bait casting than the "Expert?" You see I am a fly caster, out here there is no bait casting." The



Trap Shots

The *ten straight man* uses "SOVEREIGN" Shells because they give greatest penetration with minimum recoil and no fouling.

"Sovereign" Shells are loaded with Nobel's Empire Bulk Smokeless Powder and Chilled-Shot.

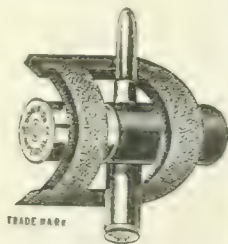
The powder is absolutely uniform in all temperatures and the shell is waterproof.

Therefore every trap shot should use

Sovereign Shells

Made in Canada by the Dominion Cartridge Co. and guaranteed by this trademark

Dominion Cartridge Co. Limited,
MONTREAL



second letter, which came from Dr. C. M. Luckey, Plainfield, N. J., was as follows: "About a year ago I procured one of your "Takapart" Reels and have since given it a thorough trial. I gave it the severe test of casting one and a half ounces of lead—enough to have ruined any other reel of similar size (sixty yards) that I have ever used. After using it under such severe conditions, both in practice casting and actual fishing, I used the same reel in the tournament just closed in Madison Square Garden, New York, winning both the quarter and half ounce bait casting events from the most expert class of contestant. I am led to believe that in the quarter ounce event I succeeded in making a world's record in that style of casting. I write you these few lines to let you know what your reels are doing in the hands of amateurs. In the contests my opponents used reels costing all the way from \$15 to \$50, of the most celebrated makers in the country." The latest production in Meisselbach Reels is the "Tri-part."

A singular occurrence is reported from the neighborhood of Galt, Ont. Two boys named Leslie and Irvine Deans, who live about four miles from the town, were out for a walk when they noticed a huge lynx cross the road and disappear in the bush. The boys procured a rifle and shot the animal which measured five feet from fore feet to hind feet outstretched, was two feet six inches in height, and weighed thirty-five pounds. No lynx had been previously killed in the neighborhood for many years. The animal is supposed to be one which escaped from a baggage car last fall while on a journey from Owen Sound to Toronto.

Anyone keeping pace with the various developments in Canada, must know that with the canoe industry, as with others it is the "growing time" in the Dominion. Few however, not actually engaged in the business, could have realized how rapidly canoe building is going ahead as shown by a neatly gotten up booklet and catalogue issued by

Messrs. R. Chestnut & Son, of Fredericton, N. B. In this work the development from the birch bark to the canvas covered, and from the first of these to the "guides' special," the safety, with sponsons which make it absolutely safe, and the latest, the motor canoe, is traced in a highly interesting fashion. Canadian sport and exploration owes much to the birch bark and it appears as if both will owe more to the canvas covered canoe while its further developments, in the face of the motor canoe, makes anything appear possible. This little booklet will be sent to any of our readers interested in canoes if they will forward a postal requesting the same and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Amongst the most useful of the many inventions for which the majority of sportsmen bless the name and the ingenuity of Mr. Marble is Marble's Pocket Rifle and Revolver Rod. It is guaranteed not to break. The handle can be put on any section and a slight pressure causes it to grip the rod securely. The handle is steel, nickle plated, and the sections are solid brass with steel joint connections and swivel, the same as "Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod." The cost is only \$1.50. All that is necessary in ordering is to state the length of the barrel and calibre of the rifle or revolver for which it is required. Sportsmen can obtain this most useful article by enclosing the amount stated and addressing the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich.

How to keep firearms in good condition has been a problem with every sportsman. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, have now come to the rescue with four simple but effective preparations which they have placed on the market under the title of "Red-W" preparations. The first is a gun grease intended to prevent rust. It is claimed that a light coat of this on any polished metal will preserve its finish and lustre, while it does not become rancid and will not flow off a warm barrel and leave it dry. If however rust has already encrust-

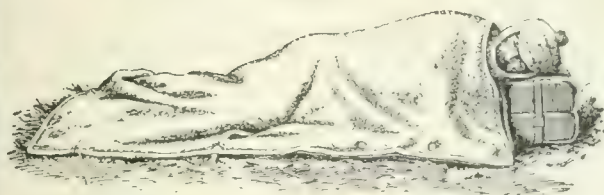
ed some portions of the weapon then the Rust Remover will put in its work and remove rust from the bores of firearms and from any metallic instrument. The "Red-W" gun oil is a fine lubricant, does not gum or stick or become rancid under any conditions.—"Red-W" Crystal Cleaner dissolves the copper and nickel foulings in rifles without injury to the barrel. With these preparations any sportsman can keep his guns free from rust and metallic fouling and in easy working order. The two first are put up in collapsible tubes each costing fifteen cents and the two latter in bottles each costing one quarter. They have long been needed and should be in wide demand amongst sportsmen.

A curious controversy has arisen in the States, over a question of animal life. Dr. William J. Long of Stamford, Conn. recently published a magazine article concerning animal life in the back woods in the course of which he stated that a big wolf had killed a young caribou by a bite in the chest. President Roosevelt declares that "a mathematical impossibility" and asserts that "by no possible means could a wolf perform the feat." On the other hand Dr. Long repeats his statement, his knowledge being derived from his own observations and from the testimony of Indians that wolves do sometimes kill in this way. The interest to sportsmen and nature lovers is the truth or otherwise of the story but Dr. Long proceeds to make it one of "truth and personal honor" which must concern the two controversialists more than the public. There must be many men in the back woods of Canada who can give testimony on the point of the wolf and the caribou and the manner in which the wolf gets in his deadly work on the caribou. This is the point of real interest and we shall be pleased to hear from any reader who can offer evidence on one side or the other.

■ Fishermen always find delight in going through a good catalogue and the one issued by Messrs. William Mills & Son, of 21 Park Place, New York, may claim to be of that character. Every want

JAEGER

JAEGER



A Doctor's Word to Campers

Extract from lecture on "The Law of Health" by D. F. Harris, M. D., C. M.

"Sleeping in the open air is only possible with safety when the animal heat is conserved to the utmost. The Jaeger Company has devised most efficient sleeping suits and bags for travellers and others who may have to sleep in the open air."

There is nothing which conserves the bodily warmth so much as Jaeger Pure Wool, and there is nothing so economical and comfortable as Jaeger Camelhair Fleece Rugs and Sleeping Bags, Tartan Rugs, Coat Sweaters, Underwear, Negligee Shirts, Ladies' Knitted Golfers, etc.

Write for a copy of "Health Culture" by Dr. Jaeger and our illustrated catalogue. No. 40, which explains the great advantages of wearing Jaeger Pure Wool

Dr. Jaeger Co., Limited 316 St. Catherine St W, Montreal
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that the fisherman can possibly have will be supplied by this firm with the exception of the fish and with their outfit even the fish may be said to be, a certainty, provided only that there are fish in the waters frequented by the anglers using their goods. A specialty is made of the H. L. Leonard rods which for the last quarter of a century have stood the test of hard and wide experience. The catalogue is lightened by many excellent illustrations and the arrangement of the reading matter is such as to add to the interest taken by every fisherman in the details of his outfit. The indexing too is well done and is a great convenience. A word of explanation added saves a world of trouble and enables every one consulting the same to speedily find just what he requires and also to learn something about it. A smaller booklet on trout tackle gives just what the early fisherman wishes and enables him to supply his wants without requiring to consult the larger catalogue. Both publications are excellent of their class, and no fisherman will regret consulting

them. Copies will be sent to any of our fishermen readers sending a postal with a request for the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada"

The Provincial Legislature of British Columbia had under consideration at its last sitting various game protective measures, though none of them passed into law. The bill providing for a Game and Forest Reserve between the Elk and Bull Rivers as recommended by Professor Hornaday and Mr. Phillips, and to be known as "Goat Mountain Park" was considered by the Council and referred to the Provincial Game Warden for examination and report. The question is now a live one in the Province, and several suggestions have been put forward as to suitable sites, though naturally enough the promoters of the above mentioned site cling to their choice and urge its adoption whatever other ones may be also selected and reserved. As a matter of fact if the British Columbia Govern-



The Conklin Self-Filling Fountain Pen is *really* self-filling. As shown in the illustration above, a pressure of the thumb on *Crescent-Filler* compresses the soft rubber reservoir inside the barrel of the pen. This pressure released, the pen is filled and at once ready to write. The same simple movement cleans it. It is as easy as dipping an ordinary pen in an ink well.

Conklin's SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

"THE PEN WITH THE CRESCENT-FILLER"

has nothing to get out of order—nothing to take apart—nothing complicated.

It is the perfected fountain pen. Writing qualities unequalled. Flow of ink perfect from first stroke to last dot. Insist on the pen with the *Crescent-Filler*, and avoid the annoyance and loss of time attached to the use of the old style dropper-filler fountain pen.

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Buy from your dealer, Stationer—Jeweler—Druggist, if he handles the Conklin Pen. If your dealer does not, we will send you one direct *postpaid*. Beware of substitutes—look for the *Crescent-Filler*. Send at once for our handsome illustrated catalogue, giving full description—that you may see and understand the superior qualities of the Conklin Pen—or, better still, order a Conklin Pen to-day. Prices \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. It's easy to select by mail. Send steel pen to all us in selecting gold pen.

with money refund.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.

307 Manhattan
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OFFICE

ment will look ahead they will form several reserves and Goat Mountain Park would make a good beginning. The trend of public opinion is running strongly in the direction of such reserves, which as noted elsewhere in our pages this month, have the sanction and recommendations of the Chief Game and Forest Warden. The probability is that at the next session of the Legislature this question will be pressed forward so far that at least one reserve will be set aside for the Province.

If there is room for the work of the members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association anywhere it is surely to be found at Niagara Falls, where so much of the products of our Canadian fisheries pass across the border. It is good news therefore to know that a live branch of the Association is in existence at the Falls. The members of the Branch held a public meeting at the City Hall the other evening and agreed to a resolution recommending immediate action by the Ontario Government for the provision of adequate inspection of all shipments of fish exported from Canada to the States and not a mere inspection of occasional shipments. It will be a matter of some surprise to those not located near the border to know that the inspection is "occasional" and not regular. To be of any service at all it should surely be regular and the sooner it is made so the better. It was stated—and the attention of the Government is to be drawn to the subject in a pointed manner—that local fish dealers are often forced to buy Canadian caught fish from Buffalo dealers at the additional cost of the American and Canadian duties and the added freight charges. This is such an absurd position as to test our credulity to the utmost through it is gravely asserted to be the fact for all that. It affords ample justification for Government interference and steps should be taken without delay to improve upon such a state of things.

The Ontario Bureau of Mines are undertaking their share of exploration work in the north. Three parties are being



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This is "Bob" Edwards the man who made the old reliable ITHACA, the hardest and closest shooting gun in the world. He was the first man to perfect the taper choke and is the oldest barrel borer in the United States



¶ We guarantee every gun in every part—shooting included.

¶ We cross-bolt our hammerless guns in addition to under fastening and guarantee never to shoot loose.

¶ We have specially made barrels, with double thick Nitro breech, which stands a bursting pressure of about 40,000 lbs. to the sq. in., insuring absolute safety to the shooter.

¶ We make 17 grades, \$17.75 net to \$300 list.

¶ We build everything from a featherweight gauge gun to a 10½ lb. 10-gauge duck, fox and goose gun.

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ITHACA GUN CO. ITHACA, N.Y.



sent out by them on this work. One under the direct charge of Professor Miller, the Provincial Geologist, is to make a geological as well as a topographical examination of the new silver-cobalt area on the Montreal River. Professor R. W. Brock is to make an examination of the Larder Lake region. Mr. A. Niven, O. L. S. is to head a surveying party which is to run the boundary line between the districts of Algoma and Thunder Bay north of the Canadian Pacific line. This is practically an unknown area and Mr. Niven has instructions to take notes of the timber and other resources of the country.

Sportsmen, tourists and campers all know the value from actual personal experience, of a few tools. It is impossible indeed to over estimate such value, and but for the fact that they are cumbersome to carry no one with the slightest experience would ever venture far afield without a supply. That difficulty

has now been overcome and no one need go on a trip without tools which will stand him in good stead in any and every emergency. All that has to be done is to procure a "Napanoch" Pocket Knife Tool Kit which in a leather pocket book contains six tools in such a compass as to be easily carried in the pocket. Those are a knife, reamer, file, saw, chisel, and screw driver, and with them no man who is used to hand work need never be in a serious "fix." Their uses, as all know who have used them either at home or away, are infinite, and with them the tourist and sportsmen can take chances which in their absence he had better leave alone. The mere fact that thousands of these kits have been sent out without the receipt of a single letter of dissatisfaction is strong evidence of the practical value of the kit. The whole are made by skilled workmen of the best materials and sold with an unlimited guarantee. They will be sent post paid on receipt of \$2.25 by the U. J. Ulery Company, No. 9 Warren St., New York.

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Stop! Look! Listen!**No**

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with a Brantford Launch. Everything up-to-date
Wood or Steel Hulls. Prices from \$165.00 up.

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Now is the time to add this extremely handy and effective kit to your outfit. It will prove its value the very first time you are in a difficulty.

The firm Wenz & Mackensen, dealers in Live Game and Game Birds, of Yardley, Pa., whose advertisement appears in our pages have furnished us a description of the Hungarian partridges. The constantly growing popularity of these fine game birds and their special adaptiveness for stocking game preserves should render this information interesting to our readers. The Hungarian Partridge belongs to the species of *Perdix Cinerea* which ranges over Europe and Western and Central Asia. It is found in sunny Italy as well as in cold Scandinavia which plainly shows its adaptability to widely varying climates. In size it is about twice as large as the Bob White quail and resembles same in general coloring very much. The sides of the head and throat are of light reddish brown

color, while the top of the head is brown with yellow stripes. Across the gray back there are a number of rust brown stripes extending to the lower part of the body. The breast is adorned by a brown shield more or less distinctive and in the shape of a horseshoe. Until recently the chestnut horseshoe mark on the breast was considered as distinctive of the male, the female having this reduced to a few chestnut spots or absent. It is true, indeed, that in old birds the differences in this patch are generally characteristic of the male and female, but in the majority of the immature females, the horseshoe is well developed, and nearly or quite as large as in the adult male. Owing to the most favorable territorial, climatic and agricultural conditions in Hungary the partridges have become more numerous, larger and more vigorous in that country than anywhere else. Well watered woodland tracts in the vicinity of arable lands are the best suited, but the partridge is easily pleased and can practically make its living anywhere. There are few birds which so strictly adhere to their once selected abode as do the Hungarian Partridges. Even their offspring do not wander away. This virtue, especially, together with the extreme hardiness, high prolificacy and other fine qualities make these birds the most ideal game birds known for stocking game parks and preserves. The Hungarian partridge is very sociable, peaceful, affectionate and faithful to its mate and offspring, and even gladly adopts destitute young ones of its kind. The amity of the partridge is nicely illustrated by the observation where a partridge hen and a pheasant hen were found sitting side by side on a nest containing nine pheasant eggs and thirteen partridge eggs. The eggs were left for the partridge hen to hatch. She good naturedly took upon herself this task and afterwards faithfully reared the pheasants with her own flock. The Partridges mate in pairs only and it is claimed that the mates always remain true to each other. Towards the end of April or the beginning of May the hen commences to lay. Her nest is usually a shallow hollow in the level ground. She lays from 9 to 17 eggs, which hatch in 26 days. The

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**Few Parts
Great Strength**

**Perfect Balance
Quick Handling**



Place a genuine A. H. Fox double gun beside the finest imported gun and compare them. In material and workmanship displayed you find the Fox in every way equal to the imported gun.

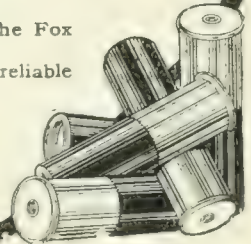
In simplicity and strength of parts, in directness and power of action, the Fox Gun shows up immeasurably superior.

Put both guns to actual proof for perfect balance, ease of operation and reliable shooting qualities and you proclaim the Ansley H. Fox Gun

"THE FINEST GUN IN THE WORLD"

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chicks are most charming little creatures, very pretty in color and shading. They commence running about as soon as they leave the egg. Both parents take equal part in the care and training of the young. The cock guards, warns and defends, while the hen leads, feeds and shelters them. If either one of the parents is killed the other takes care of the brood, the father even taking the place of the mother. It is due to this untiring and most faithful care by the parent birds that nearly all of their young are reared and it does not take long to populate a whole district. During their earliest age the partridges feed almost exclusively on insects and worms, to which diet they add later on vegetable matter. Snow and cold weather does not deprive them entirely of food. If hard frozen snow covers the ground they seek berries or buds of trees and bushes. While it is a well known fact that Bob White quail will succumb in a heavy snowfall lacking sufficient size and strength to come to the surface, the Hun-

garian Partridges can easily work themselves out through several feet of snow. This most important feature cannot be sufficiently emphasized in recommending these birds to sections of the country where severe winters are experienced. Great Britain, Germany and France import annually a great number of Hungarian Partridges and several thousand pairs were imported last season into the United States. Wenz & Mackensen furnished over one thousand Hungarian Partridges to Dr. John A. Wheeler, State Game Commissioner of Illinois, 200 to the State Game Warden of Kansas and several thousand to various Clubs and private parties. It speaks well indeed for the birds that Dr. Wheeler has duplicated his order for the coming season. Illustrative and descriptive circulars of game and game birds are mailed free upon application to Wenz & Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has undertaken to remove the rock

Motor Boat and Launch Insurance

Fire, Collision, Storms,
Salvage, Etc.
IN ONE POLICY

**COLUMBIA
INSURANCE
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GEO. McMURRICH & SONS

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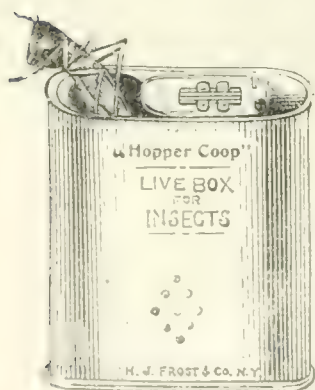
in the Little Black River, which was the only obstacle to the navigation of that river to Honey Harbor, etc., in eastern Georgian Bay. This was done at the instance of the Moredolphton Club, but all frequenters of that part of eastern Georgian Bay will benefit by it.

This is the day of the motor boat. When one can meet the train with a motor boat, distance is annihilated.

The Little Black River Crossing will be called Moredolphton Stop.

mediate response. The firm will send a "Hopper Coop" on receipt of price.

Fishermen, who have tried many traps for the purpose of catching minnows for bait, agree, with a unanimity quite remarkable, as to the efficiency of Algate's Collapsible Minnow Trap. There cannot be any doubt as to the excellence of minnows for bait and most fishermen desire such bait if they can only get the minnows. They can do so now without fail by the use of Mr. Algate's patent trap. Like most really useful and efficient articles its simplicity is its best feature and ensures its perfect working. The users are its most earnest advocates and express themselves in no uncertain terms as to its merits. The trap gives them the bait they require and the bait secures them the fish. What more can even the most exacting fisherman wish? For three and a half dollars this most desirable addition can be made to every fisherman's outfit and it will have much to do with the success of his fishing.



In certain seasons of the year live grasshoppers make most excellent fishing bait. Hitherto the great question has been how to carry them and how to keep them alive. The

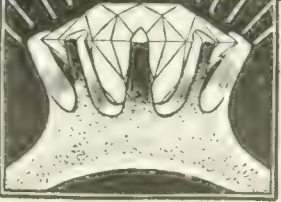
"Hopper Coop" solves the problem. It is a live box for insects made in pocket size 1 1/8 inches thick, 3 1/4 long, and 1 1/2 wide and has a sliding cover so that it can be opened, allowing just space enough for one grasshopper to crawl out at a time. The retail price is only 25 cents and if any readers find a difficulty in obtaining one a communication to Messrs. H. J. Frost & Co. 90 Chambers St., New York, will

in imme-

The Stickler Weedless Wheel is gaining in fame, and its efficiency is so fully testified to by those who have used it that the boatmen of other countries are anxious to try it. There must be much that is good about it when so conservative a country as Russia wants it. In answer to imperative demands two consignments were forwarded to St. Petersburg last month. The largest engine and boat builders both in Canada and the States are adopting it, and the trade to

DIAMONDS

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date, since January has more than trebled that for the corresponding period of last year.

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There are many marine engines and each of the various makes claims some particular merit. Amongst them all the Strelinger stands out conspicuous and a Company with a capital of \$60,000 has recently been formed for the purpose of manufacturing and pushing this special make of engine. The whole of the stock, tools and good will of the Charles A. Strelinger Company, of Detroit, Mich., have been purchased and taken over by the Strelinger Marine Engine Company of the same city and arrangements have been made by the new Company to double the present capacity and push the engine as it is felt its merits deserve.

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Every detail in the make of this engine has been most carefully considered. With a Strelinger the purchaser may know that he possesses an engine that will go every time he wants it to do so, and will run as long as he furnishes the material which it turns into power. Likewise he may be assured that it is economical in the consumption of fuel and will give him the full amount of power for which he pays. The Strelinger "three" is actually "four," and its five actually "seven." This increase of power is said to be in proportion to the actual value given in every part that goes into a Strelinger and means that the engine can always do more than is claimed for it. When all these things are taken into consideration the Strelinger is held to be as cheap as any efficient engine on the market today. The Company issues a fine illustrated catalogue giving full details of their makes from one to four cylinder and will send a copy to any reader interested in marine engines upon forwarding an application for the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

For all information as to the New Route to the far-famed Saguenay and fishing grounds

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont.

Rod and Gun in Canada.
Woodstock, Ont.

Toronto, June 1st, 1907.

Gentlemen:—

I have been directed by the Canadian Indians in Council assembled, to convey to you their hearty thanks and grateful appreciation of the assistance given their tournament by your magazine. The Tribe feel that they are under obligation to you for regularly publishing the fixture and giving space to the several items which were sent.

The boys feel that the success of this organization was due in some measure to the support which it has received from the press, and they desire to take this present opportunity to express their feelings in regard to your publication.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS A. DUFF,
High Scribe.

Canadian Indians Second Annual Shoot.

The second annual tournament of the Canadian Indians was held at Montmorenci Falls, Que., on the Kent House grounds under the auspices of Quebec Gun Club, May 24 and 25. Considering the extreme distance many of the competitors had to travel the attendance was very gratifying and those who failed to accept the invitation to be present have our sympathy in having missed one of the most enjoyable outings it will ever be their good fortune to have in connection with the game of trap shooting.

Perhaps no more delightful spot anywhere on God's green earth could have been selected for a tournament. The shooting was over two Leggett traps which were set on the high bank of the St. Lawrence River just at the mouth of the Montmorenci, 274 feet above the level of the River and in full view of the terrific grandeur of the Montmorenci Falls, but a few rods distant. To the south stretched a magnificent panorama. In the immediate foreground, dotted with prosperous looking farm lands, cozy hamlets and golden crossed churches, lay the fertile Island of Orleans, dividing with its thirty miles of rich upland the waters of the St. Lawrence into the North and South channels. Farther away lay the splendid stretch of country on the south shore of the River and miles beyond these in the misty distance could be seen the towering mountains of Maine. If there was anyone at this tournament who, having looked on this magnificent prospect regretted that he had travelled hundreds of miles to be there, he kept his regrets to himself and wisely, for otherwise he would have run great danger of being dumped over the Falls as a proper reward for his contumacy.

Apart from all these the Kent House and grounds were a delight in themselves. The Kent House as most people know, was the headquarters of the Duke of Kent, commander in chief of the British forces in this country a hundred years ago. The quaint old structure is still preserved in

almost its original condition, except for such changes as were necessary to fit it for a first class up-to-date hotel which it now is, and the comfort and convenience of the shooters could not have been more carefully looked after than was done by the present manager, Mr. J. W. Baker. Good meals, attentive and courteous service and an air of home comfort, made life at the Kent House very enjoyable and many of the shooters regretted that they were unable to make their visit extend over a month, at least. The Kent House is in the centre of a splendid big game country and the fishing in the immediate vicinity is unsurpassed. Why wouldn't one want to linger in such a paradise?

"Mais revenons a nos moutons" as Billy Bounce's friend would say. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Chief King Pin and the able assistance of the officers of the Quebec Gun Club, particularly their energetic secretary, H. des Rivières, the shoot was a huge success. Over fifty shot through the programme and the fun was fast and furious during the whole two days. The Leggett traps worked well, but the conditions were extremely hard. No one, apparently, could give a positive explanation of it, but for some reason, or for a combination of reasons, the targets were very hard to connect with and the whole average of the shooting was very low. One feature that made the shooting very difficult was the uncertain flight of the targets. The traps had been set about twenty-five yards from the edge of the high bank. There was a high wind for days and the current of air coming up this high bank caught the targets just about the time the average shot would pull the trigger and chucked them up in the air. The consequence was there was much under-shooting and many duck eggs decorated the score board in consequence. The fact that high average for both days was won with a fraction over 81 per cent, sufficiently indicates the quality of the shooting conditions. The shooters were handicapped with a fixed distance of 16 to 20 yards.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CANADIAN INDIANS' TOURNAMENT, MONTMORENCY FALLS, QUE., MAY 24TH AND 25TH.

Of the fifty Indians on the roll the following were in attendance:—

F. H. Conover (Chief Dave Hawk), Leamington, Ont.; Thomas A. Duff (Chief King Pin), Toronto, Ont.; Geo. W. McGill (Chief Wholly Smoke), Toronto, Ont.; Thomas Upton (Chief Jam Jam), Hamilton, Ont.; F. A. Heney (Chief Eagle Eye), Ottawa, Ont.; Walter H. Ewing (Chief Long Buffalo Horn), Montreal; W. A. Smith (Chief Long Bill), Kingsville, Ont.; Dr. J. E. Overholt (Chief Kill-em-quick), Hamilton, Ont.; T. M. Craig (Chief Ah-meek), Sherbrooke, Que.; W. P. Thomson (Chief Iron Face), Hamilton; G. M. Howard (Chief Link-we-kinuk), Sherbrooke; F. B. Vallance (Chief Moose Hunter), Hamilton; G. C. Thompson (Chief Tasu-kam-end), Sherbrooke; G. S. McCall (Chief Eye Opener), St. Thomas, Ont.; E. C. Eaton (Chief Manitou), Montreal; Geo. L. Vivian (Chief Short Wing), Toronto; Philip Wakefield (Chief Powder Monkey), Toronto; Dr. Charles O. Bean (Chief Smooth Face), St. Catharines, Ont.; Robert Fleming (Chief Big Duck), Toronto; A. W. Westover (Chief Black Hawk), Sutton Junction, P.Q.; J. H. Rainville (Chief Oui Oui), Montreal; E. J. Marsh (Chief Sign Maker), Toronto; Alex. Dey (Chief Uniform Pattern), Montreal; Roy Luck (Chief Billy Bounce), Pt. Edward, Ont.; R. B. Hutcheson (Chief Tubby), Montreal.

Besides the Indians the following prominent shooters took part: J. K. Boswell, Capt. Panet, O. Pepin, Dr. Chambers, D. P. Cowan, Quebec; W. and Lewis Fenton, G. Logan, Toronto; H. D. Hawkins, H. Dynes, Geo. Dean, Hamilton; A. E. Ross, Cowansville, P.Q.; C. Aubin, Montreal; Buffalo Smith, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Paul, Washington, D.C.; Chester, N.H.; N. Howard, Chicago, Ill.

The professional element was well represented in the following crack shots and missionar-

ies: J. A. R. Elliott, J. H. Cameron and Geo. Ginn of the Winchester Arms Co.; T. A. Marshall of the Remington Arms and U. M. C. Co.'s; F. H. Conover of the Dupont Powder Co.; Alex. Dey of Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal; Arthur Sibley of the American Powder M.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that the following were the Trophy winners:—

Handsome silver cup, value \$75, for high average first day, was won by Dr. Funk, after shooting off a tie with Mayor Reid.

Ross sporting rifle, presented by Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, P.Q., value \$26, for second average, by Mayor Reid.

Shooting license on Snow Lake Preserve, presented by J. A. Baker, Esq., manager of Kent House, value \$25, for third average, by T. M. Craig.

A magnificent mounted moose head, presented by Quebec Gun Club for high average, second day, won by T. M. Craig.

Ithaca gun, No. 2, value \$70, for second average, by R. B. Hutcheson.

Silver cup, value \$25, for third average, by G. M. Howard.

The Toronto Cup, value \$200, for grand aggregate for both days, was won by T. M. Craig with 325 out of 400.

A very handsome cup presented by Mr. G. L. Vivian, Toronto, for the longest run of continuous breaks during the tournament was won by G. M. Howard with 35.

The splendid vase presented by the Hunter Arms Co., for competition in a special event for the fastest shot, was won by the speedy gelding, Chief Billy Bounce, otherwise known as Roy Luck. Robert Edward O'Connell, Chief Billy made a bad start, losing his first bird by his gun being safe, but when he got away he soon threw dust in the eyes of all competitors, ex-



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IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

He makes an ideal chairman. Proceedings opened by the High Chief extending the greetings of the tribe to the trade representatives present. Messrs. Cameron, Ginn, Marshall, Elliott, Dey, Conover and Sibley, responded, each in his own happy manner, amid loud cheers. During the evening the guests had an opportunity to test the killing qualities of the Winchester's load in Mumm's D cartridges. They seemed to make a pretty good pattern. The Vallance load was also tried and pronounced O.K. The High Chief announced that the Chiefs had arranged to present the little daughter of Chief Geo. S. McCall, called by her Indian friends, Silver Heels, the only papoose of the Tribe present, with a gold locket suitably engraved, as a memento of her visits with the Indians. Short speeches were made during the evening. Dr. Funk, Mayor Reid, Chief Moose Hunter, Chief King Pin, Chief Long Bill, Chief Kill-em-quick, Chief Dave Hawk.

On the happy suggestion of Chief King Pin a collection was taken up in aid of St. Mary's Episcopal Church and the sum of \$35 handed to Mrs. Baker as a result. Mr. Baker neatly expressed the thanks of Mrs. Baker and her co-workers for the donation.

The Canadian Indians are much indebted to Messrs. Geo. R. Ginn, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Alex. Dey of the Dominion Cartridge Co. and Geo. Cashmore, Toronto, for the efficient offices done by them. Messrs. J. H. Cameron, Dr. Chambers and N. L. Candlish rendered valuable assistance on the field as scorers, squad hustler and referee, respectively.

Messrs. T. M. Craig, P. Wakefield, Roy Luck and Dr. Overholt performed the delicate and painful operation of handicapping the contestants.

The scores are as follows:—

FIRST DAY, MAY 24TH.

F. A. Heney	16	14	15	14	8	8	12	19	15	11	13	200	130
J. K. Roswell	16	12	12	13	16	13	15	16	14	14	15	200	140
Capt. Penet	16	14	13	10	10	10	14	11	10	12	12	200	116
"Ben It"	16	15	16	14	16	17	14	12	13	15	14	200	144
"Bailey"	16	13	7	12	8	13	10	5	8	14	18	200	108
Fenton	16	15	10	13	14	15	6	14	11	15	16	200	127
Marsh E. J.	17	17	11	13	15	14	8	14	13	16	18	200	137
G. Logan	17	14	12	13	11	15	14	13	12	13	16	200	133
"J. Lewis"	17	10	10	16	9	11	12	15	10	15	13	200	121
R. Fleming	17	12	14	13	16	11	15	12	9	16	16	200	134
T. A. Duff	17	14	13	15	14	13	14	12	16	17	14	200	142
T. Upton	18	13	12	15	14	14	12	14	14	14	14	200	138
R. Luck	18	16	14	13	15	14	13	18	14	14	16	200	147
W. P. Thompson	18	17	16	18	11	18	15	16	16	12	14	200	153
McCall	18	12	12	11	10	13	11	15	11	10	17	200	122
"Dr. Wilson"	18	18	14	13	11	14	15	15	16	14	17	200	147
W. A. Smith	18	15	16	17	12	16	16	15	12	16	14	200	149
Eaton	17	15	12	17	12	11	17	15	13	13	17	200	142
CONOVER	18	13	13	11	12	13	10	15	11	11	12	200	137
Rainville	18	15	16	14	15	13	10	11	12	14	12	200	132

T. M. Craig.....	19	15	16	17	11	19	18	17	15	16	17	200	160
Vivian.....	19	18	16	14	12	16	16	7	14	12	200	141	
Westover.....	18	13	15	11	15	17	15	12	16	14	200	143	
C. G. Thompson.....	18	14	14	10	14	16	8	16	13	17	200	140	
G. M. Howard.....	18	15	15	15	16	15	17	10	15	13	200	147	
Geo. M. Craig.....	19	12	13	14	14	8	14	12	10	16	7	200	120
Wakarusa.....	19	16	19	11	17	17	18	12	11	18	14	200	153
Buffalo.....	19	16	12	15	14	18	17	11	14	15	15	200	147
Mayor.....	19	15	19	15	17	15	11	17	14	19	20	200	165
Rushman.....	18	14	9	14	14	12	14	14	15	18	16	200	140
Threat.....	18	18	16	17	16	18	19	18	17	16	200	173	
Marshall.....	18	17	17	16	17	19	18	18	14	18	16	200	170
Sidley.....	18	14	17	10	14	17	14	13	19	16	16	200	134
N.A.....	18	11	11	15	13	15	18	12	15	14	11	200	140
A. E. Roswell.....	16	14	14	9	11	17	17	11	11	18	16	200	141
Popkin.....	16	11	13	12	8	7	15	11	9	14	12	200	112
Hawkins.....	16	12	16	6	14	8	13					120	66
Centure.....	17	12	13	14	14	13	17	14	17	15	11	200	140
Day.....	17	8	16	15	11	19	13	11	13	13	8	200	112
N. Howard.....	16	19	16	16	14	15	16	18	14	18	13	200	159
W. Ewing.....	20	16	14	14	15	16	16	14	17	18	17	200	150
Dr. E. M. Funk.....	19	18	17	15	15	16	17	15	18	16	18	200	165
Alywn.....	16	14	15	12	10	11	8	11	9			160	90
Hutchinson.....	17	13	17	14	13	14	12	16	14	14	13	200	140
Dynes.....	16	11	13	15	14	14	14					120	81
Geo. Easdale.....	17	10	14	15	17	17	15	14	15	13	14	200	144
Payson.....	16	14	13	12	9	14	14	14		12	14	180	116
R. L. Howard.....	16	12	13				10	17				100	52
F. Turcotte.....	16			6	13	10	10	16	15	6	10	160	86
Dean.....	16	14	13	9	12	14	10					120	72
Fremont.....	16	17	11	15	16	10	12	12				140	95
Gagnor.....	16	8	11	4	6	9	9					140	52

SECOND DAY, MAY 25TH.

Henry.....	16	13	12	16	16	12	13	14	11	16	7	200	130
Dynes.....	16	11	10	16	14	15	12	13	5	13	10	200	119
Capt. Panet.....	16	11	8	17	14	14	17	16	8	8	11	200	119
"Ben It".....	16	12	11	15	14	14	17	16	11	8	6	200	124
"Badley".....	16	13	13	18	16	17	15	16	14	16	14	200	152
Fenton.....	16	14	14	13	11	12	17	14	9	12	9	200	125
Marsh.....	17	13	14	18	17	16	16	10	14	7	15	200	140
G. Logan.....	17	11	13	17	12	16	15	19	14	11	11	200	139
"J. Lewis".....	16	12	10	12	12	14	14	16	13	15	13	200	131
R. Fleming.....	17	12	12	16	10	9	12	11	8	11	8	200	107
T. A. Buff.....	17	10	11	14	13	12	9	13	9	17	12	200	122
T. Upton.....	18	18	12	14	16	12	12	13	13	16	14	200	140
W. P. Thompson.....	18	15	13	18	14	15	14	15	14	11	17	200	146
R. Luck.....	18	13	15	14	15	17	9	15	10	14	14	200	136
Geo. McCall.....	17	17	14	16	14	16	8	13	10	15	14	200	137
"Dr. Wilson".....	18	16	12	15	15	18	12	16	11	15	16	200	146
W. A. Smith.....	18	14	14	16	15	17	16	17	10	14	13	200	148
Pat.....	17	13	13	14	18	16	12	18	15	18	14	200	154
Geo. F.....	18	13	13	18	17	16	12	18	11	15	13	200	147
Edwy.....	17	17	15	17	13	17	17	16	12	16	12	200	151
T. M. Craig.....	19	17	16	17	16	18	17	16	15	19	13	200	164
Vivian.....	18	14	11	16	13	10	16	17	7	15	11	200	130
Wakarusa.....	18	16	15	13	15	16	16	19	12	14	15	200	151
C. G. Thompson.....	18	17	14	15	14	15	8	16	11	16	14	200	140
G. M. Howard.....	18	18	14	15	20	19	16	17	10	15	13	200	157
Ewing.....	19	18	12	17	12	17	12	16	12	18	13	200	148
Wakarusa.....	19	14	15	17	16	15	8	14	12	14	11	200	136
Buffalo.....	19	14	15	19	13	17	11	14	10	17	15	200	151
Mayor.....	20	17	18	15	16	14	13	16	13	16	19	200	152
Jack.....	20	18	12	17	17	14	18	18	14	14	17	200	156
Threat.....	18	11	17	20	15	17	20	17	15	18	18	200	174
Marshall.....	18	17	18	19	14	19	15	17	14	15	13	200	161
Sidley.....	18	16	13	12	14	13	17	12	10	11	16	200	138
N.A.....	18	14	17	17	13	14	10	15	12	12	17	200	141
Geo. M. G. I.....	18	16	18	17	15	20	11	14	13	13	12	200	149
Popkin.....	18	14	15	16	14	19	9	16	12	18	13	200	146
Centure.....	16	18	15	10	15	17	13	17	10	15	12	200	142
Day.....	17	14	17	17	13	15	15	18	10	14	8	200	137
Popkin.....	16	18	11	16	12	16	15	13	13	13	14	200	141
H.A.....	16	15	14	10	9	14	9	13	6	12	10	200	115
Turcotte.....	16			7	9	8	5	8	7	9	9	160	57
A. E. Roswell.....	16	14	13	17	11	12	12	19	14	11	180	123	
Roswell.....	16	13	15	15	15	17	15	9	13	13	13	200	138
Hutchinson.....	17	16	15	15	17	14	18	18	16	17	200	163	
Easdale.....	17	11	13	13	13	15	8	15	14	12	14	200	132
N. Howard.....	19	15	17	13	15	14	13	18	10	14	12	200	141

High Average, May 25—1st. T. M. Craig, 164; 2nd, R. B. Hutcheson, 163; 3rd, G. M. Howard, 157.

Grand Aggregate, two days, 400 targets shot at: 1st, T. M. Craig, 325; 2nd, Dr. Funk, 321; 3rd, Mayor Reid, 317.

The following are the scores in the competition for the handsome and valuable vase pre-

sented by The Hunter Arms Co., open to Canadian Indians only, at 50 targets, shot in strings of 25 each:—

Billy Bounce 43, Oui Oui 43, Long Bill 42, Jam Jam 42, Long Buffalo Horn 40, Tubby 40, Eye Opener 40, Link-we-kinuk 38, Eagle Eye 37, Smooth Face 37, Black Hawk 37, Powder Monkey 36, Kill-em-quick 35, King Pin

24, Short Wing 34, Dave Hawk 31, Sign-Maker 30, Iron Face 28, Manitou 28, Big Duck 27, Uniform Pattern 27, Wholly Snake 25, Moose Hunter 23.

Indian Event for Hunter Trophy.

AGGREGATE.

Name	1st Day	2nd Day	T'tl	Prize
xT. M. Craig	161	164	325	\$25
Dr. Funk	165	156	321	\$25
Mayor Reid	165	152	317	\$25
xR. B. Hutcheson	140	163	303	\$25
N. Howard	159	141	300	\$25
xW. P. Thompson	153	146	299	\$25
xG. M. Howard	147	151	298	\$25
xW. H. Ewing	150	148	298	\$25
Buffalo Smith	147	151	298	\$25
xW. A. Smith	149	148	297	\$25
xE. C. Eaton	142	154	296	\$26
xA. W. Westover	143	151	294	\$26
xDr. Wilson	147	146	293	\$26
xP. Wakefield	152	136	288	\$26
C. Aubin	140	146	286	\$26
xBailey	133	152	285	\$26
xLuck	147	136	283	\$26
xJ. H. Rainville	132	151	283	\$26
J. Couture	140	142	282	\$26
"X. X."	140	141	281	\$26
xThomas Upton	138	142	280	\$15
xC. G. Thompson	140	138	280	\$15
xE. J. Marsh	139	139	278	\$15
J. K. Boswell	140	138	278	\$15
Geo. Easdale	144	132	276	\$15
xF. H. Conover	126	147	273	\$15
G. Logan	133	139	272	\$15
xG. L. Vivian	141	130	271	\$15
x"Ben It"	144	124	268	\$15
xG. W. McGill	130	137	267	\$15
xIndians.				

PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE.

	1st Day.	2nd Day	Total
Targets shot at ...	200	200	400
J. A. R. Elliott	173	174	347
T. A. Marshall	170	161	331
F. H. Conover	126	147	273
A. Sibley	134	133	267
A. Dey	112	137	249

Stray Shots.

There is only one King Pin.

The shooting grounds looked like a peach, but proved to be a lemon.

Buster's Smith for sale? Oh, no!
My Josephine, my Joe.

Mayor Reid and Dr. Funk went home carrying with them the good wishes as well as the good money and trophies of the Canadian Indians.

The Indian who stayed at home was the one to be pitied

"Bailey" changed to a Fox gun at the close of the first day and thereafter increased his scores just 60 per cent. He landed in sixth place the second day. Not so bad for a young buck in such company. He will be heard from again.

Dr. Wilson commenced seeing things shortly after leaving Montreal on the way down, getting a good view of a yearling fawn which ran out of the woods a short distance from the track. As "Ted" Marsh also saw it and says it was not a bear, the evidence is conclusive

The handsome souvenirs, the work of Bros. Toronto, were distributed among the Indians and their guests and were much admired and appreciated



ROY LUCK.

Point Edward, Ont., winner of the Hunter Arms Company's trophy at the Canadian Indians' Tournament.

The mystery was solved when it was learned where Jam Jam commenced his disrobing act.

Boswell's beer seemed to be as popular as Joe himself.

The Holt, Renfrew Co's zoological collection at the Kent House was very interesting to the visitors and is one of the attractions of the place.

Two ancient guns at St. Anne's might, as Capt. Panet says, have been left there by sportsmen cured of trap shooting.

Many of the Indians visited the celebrated shrine of St. Anne de Beaulieu, the guests of the Quebec Gun Club.

"King William said be not dismayed" so King Pin boldly led the procession.

Long Bill tried to get his nose under the wire in the Hunter Trophy event in front of Billy Bounce, but failed by one bird. It wasn't long enough.

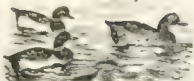
Hawkins (Chief Hyomei) is the proper dope for a good Indian. Dynes will also be a good scalp hunter.

Geo. Cashmore, as usual, proved invaluable in the office.

Some of the absent Indians might be decorated with the squaw medal:

The sad circumstances which occasioned the absence of Mr. des Rivières, whose enthusiasm and energy did so much to assure the success of the shoot, was universally deplored and the sympathy of every one went out to him in his bereavement.

Chief Wholly Smoke is never more eloquent than when recounting the peculiarities of Joe Bedore.



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**Montreal Rolling Mills
Company.**

"An Anxious Enquirer" wishes to know where Iron Face found his collar button. Also, where Billy Bounce left his Indian pin.

The Kent House and vicinity were so attractive during the day that many were compelled to view the City of Quebec by moonlight.

Messrs. Skelly and Banks of the Dupont Company, Wilmington, Del., wired "Our bodies chained to business but our spirits with you in Quebec."

T. A. Marshall said he had seen harder targets, but when and where he could not tell.

Winchester loads, both solid and liquid, were as usual very popular and effective.

Alex. Dey was warmly greeted by his western friends and the opinion was freely offered that the reputation of the Dominion shot gun ammunition was safe in his hands.

T. M. Craie again demonstrated that he is not only one of the best fellows, but one of the best shots in Canada

Straight scores were as rare as the eggs of the Dodo.

What would one not have given for one of those old despised 85 per cent scores.

As usual the handicapping caused a lot of kicking. When will Canadians have the good sense to cut out the fixed handicap at the big national shoots, at least? The fault was not with the committee who did the best they could no doubt, but with the system which is bound to work an injustice. We are somewhat batty on this question of handicap.

Many of the young bucks proved the best scalp hunters.

The unavoidable absence of Chief Level Head was generally regretted. There is no better Indian than Level Head.

Tournament Dates.

Aug. 7, 8, 9—Toronto, Ontario, Seventh Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Ass'n under auspices of Stanley Gun Club. Thomas A. Duff, Sec'y-Treas., 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Springwood, London, Gun Club.

The Springwood Gun Club members have just finished the competition for the Day trophy, a silver cup donated to the club by Mr. Rowland Day. This event has caused considerable interest among the members and resulted in some good shooting. The trophy was won by Mr. A. Blackburn. The second and third prizes, which were added by the club, being won by A. Clinger and B. W. Glover.

The Springwood Club opened the competition for the Free Press trophy on Saturday, June 8th under favorable circumstances. The weather was perfect and some good scores were made. Day was high man, breaking 95 per cent. in each event; Glover was second, with 90 per cent; and Webb was third, with 80 per cent. The per centage handicap is used in this event and the average shooter is making it decidedly warm for the crack shots of the club. There are a number of shooters to enter yet and there promises to be the most popular shooting event of the season.

Northwest Traps.

After several years' inactivity the Minnedosa Gun club has been organized with the following officers: Patron, S. Fairbairn; president P. J. McDermott; vice president, G. Fraser; secretary, E. Webb Bowen; treasurer, W.O. Jackson; committee, G. Frizell, H. Walton, J. W. Black. It will be one of interest to the older trap shots of the province to learn that S. Fairbairn, the veteran of that sport, who has recently passed through a trying illness, is able to be about again, and it is expected he will be able to show the youngsters of the newly organized club how it was done in the old days.

The Gladstone Gun club's regular shoot was well attended the last week in May. Among the visitors present was L. Watson, Dominion Cartridge Co. representative, Winnipeg, who did some nice shooting.

A very successful trap shooting tournament took place at Souris on Victoria Day. The team shoot between the President and Vice-president's representative at 25 birds resulted in favor of the President. Score 107 to 98.

The Kenora gun club opened their season at the traps on Coney Island on Victoria Day. There was a good turnout of the old members and quite a nunch of new material. The club have ordered an additional trap and when this is installed, things will run along with greater dispatch.

The Fort Garry Gun Club tournament at

Winnipeg on May 24th was a great success, there being 1000 trap and 1000 shooters present. Frank Simpson won the title of champion with 45 birds out of a possible 50, with which goes the largest trophy and watch fob. This trophy was presented to the Winnipeg trap shots by the Dupont Powder Company in the year 1896, and represents the individual championship of the year. This year the Dupont Powder Co. have been still more generous and donated a handsome watch chain as an additional prize.

Under the following officers Gretna club has been flourishing for the past month: Patron, H. W. Thos. Greenway; president, Harry Wiens; vice president, L. J. Mathers; sec.-treas., G. Coblenz. The club is open for challenges from any of the local clubs. A tournament is being arranged for the near future. Scores at the weekly shoot: Dr. J. A. Stevenson 19, J. J. Mathers 16, W. J. Briden 14, Harry Wiens 12, M. Saltzweide 10, G. Coblenz 10, H. Ritz 9, W. Johnston 8.

The score of the shoot June 5th of the Swan Lake club was as follows: H. J. Birch 18 out of 25, Don Yuell 11, T. C. Lusted 8, R. Smith 7, C. H. Wheatley 6, Wm. Muir 3, H. J. Birch won the gold button, score 12 out of 15; A. C. Hawkins silver button, score 7 out of 15; C. H. Wheatley, bronze button, score 6 out of 15.

Dr. Cadham won the Cutting Cup at Fort Garry traps, June 4, with 24 out of 25.

F. J. Bailey was high at Portage la Prairie, June 6th, with 22 out of 25.

Stray Pellets.

Canadian trap shooters should not forget the big Dominion tournament to be held in Toronto, Aug. 7, 8, and 9. It is the only shoot held in Canada for Canadians only and the sliding handicap will give every one a fair chance for the big prizes. It is expected that there will be at least \$1200 worth of trophies given as high average prizes and it should be remembered that no one is entitled to take part in the shoot unless he is a member of an affiliated club or affiliates individually.

Pastime Gun Club, Parry Sound, Ont., held a very successful shoot on their new grounds on Victoria Day. There was a good attendance and some fine scores made, the leaders being Schriber, Brint, Capt. Brown and Richards. There are still several scores to shoot off in the spoon contest and it is a good race for first honors between Schriber, Brint and Rev. Black. It is expected the club will be represented at the Dominion Tournament at Toronto on August.

Off Hand Rifle Championship

The third competition of the Off-Hand Rifle Championship and the "Elliott Medal Match" was shot over the Glen Grove range, Toronto, on Victoria Day. Owing to the many other attractions and the doubtful appearance of the weather, the attendance was below the average. The shooting was done and keen from start to finish, all of course the men making good jobs of it, but their rifles were not

just with the Lyman, putting peep rear sight and front sight, and the shooting done by Messrs. Bickell and Charlton with open sights shows that when they get down to the rifle cracks they will make a warm time to some extent at any date.

Wm. Latimer won the medal from D. W. Hughes with a close shave, beating Sam Marshall by 10 points.

Conditions, 200 yards off-hand, standard American target, 30 shots:—



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Three Rounds, 10 shots each:

	1st R.	2nd R.	3rd R.	T
*W. Latimer	75	83	83	241
*S. Madill	79	81	80	240
*T. J. Madill	79	73	77	229
*T. Allison	80	77	70	227
*D. W. Hughes	74	73	80	227
*H. Graham	75	67	82	224
*C. Gillespie	70	72	77	219
dC. L. Bickell	70	74	63	207
aH. Y. Complin	69	73	62	204
*F. Smith	67	62	72	201
aD. F. Macdonald	60	74	58	192
*J. Simpson	68	63	60	191
aC. Pringle	63	61	65	189
dS. J. Charlton	44	51	58	153

Note—* shot with telescope sights, a shot with peep and wind gauge sights, d shot with hunting sights.

Toronto Traps.

The regular weekly shoot of the Riverdale Gun Club took place on June 1st, with a fair number of members present. In the spoon event Mr. J. Logan made a straight score of 25, and then followed this up with another straight 25 in the cup event. It is pleasing to note the brilliant success of two of the club's members, Mr. J. E. Jennings and Mr. F. Bredannaz, who journeyed to Buffalo May 30th, and in competition against many of the crack shots of the United States, managed to bring back to Canada the best prizes of the day. Mr. Jennings winning the high average prize, as well as taking first place in the Merchandise event.

The regular weekly shoot of the Riverdale Gun Club was held on the club's grounds on Saturday afternoon, June 8th last, when the shooting in the competition for the Logan Cup was continued with good results. In this event Mr. J. E. Jennings made a straight score of 25, while in the spoon event Mr. F. Bond carried off the honors with a score of 24 out of a possible 25.

On Saturday afternoon June 15th, the Riverdale gun club held its usual weekly shoot amidst charming weather. Mr. T. Logan won the spoon event after shooting off a tie with Mr. Jennings. As the Logan Cup competition is nearing completion, much interest is being taken in the event. Up to date Mr. G. Logan is leading with 155 out of a possible 175 while Messrs. Jennings and Bond are

close second with 154 each. As these three shooters are shooting exceptionally well at present, the final outcome is very much of a speculation. There are, however, several scores yet to be put in, which when shot off by the other members, may change the above condition of affairs at the final, as some of those to shoot are well up in the running.

Cutler Gun Club Scores

The Cutler (Ont.) Gun club had their regular practise, May 23rd. The attendance was rather small but the shooting game is getting hold of the boys and they will soon all be blazing away. The scores were as follows:—

No. of targets.....	25	25	25	25	S.H.	B.
Durocher P.	17	15	14	16	100	62
Bois	20	21	14	13	100	68
Gagnac	17	23	19	17	100	76
Moquin P.	16	11	10	9	100	48
A. Moquin	14	13	11	9	100	47

This kind of sport is getting popular in Northern Ontario. Several clubs have already been organised and the prospects are it will soon be in full bloom all over the vicinity. The Cutler Gun Club has taken the initiative in organizing a championship tournament in which a squad of 5 men from each club will compete for a splendid cup donated by the Dupont Powder Co.

Some fine high averages have been recently won at trap shooting contests in the States by competitors who used the Lefever guns. At Norristown, Tenn., a contestant using a Lefever gun won high average, scoring 72 out of 75 with a run of the last 54 straight. At Cynthiana and Cincinnati, shooters using Lefever guns won high averages with 107 out of 110 and 93 out of 100. The high average of the three day tournament at San Francisco was won by a contestant using a Lefever gun, while at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, a shooter with this gun was high average with the score of 381 out of 400. It is claimed that the Lefever is the simplest gun built, and with the two additional pieces required for the ejector, has only five pieces in all. A postal card addressed to the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, New York, mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" and requesting a copy of their 1907 catalogue will bring one by return mail. Everyone interested in firearms should see and read this catalogue.

Some excellent successes have recently been scored by shooters using the Lefever gun. One gentleman, with this gun, won the State championship of Massachusetts for the present year, and another gentleman who did the same thing in Kansas also had a Lefever gun. To the credit of shooters using the same gun must also be placed the high amateur and the high professional average at the Texas State shoot. More than one of these gentlemen attribute their victories to the simplicity of mechanism and the splendid balance of these guns which insure the best results. Those interested in guns ought to have a copy of the firm's catalogues for the present year and a postal card addressed to the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N.Y., and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" will bring a copy.

Some very good shooting has recently been done by Mr. Fred Coleman in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. At the regular weekly shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club he made 99 out of 100 targets on the programme, and at the shoot of the Florist Gun Club he broke 174 out of 175 clay pigeons shot at, with a run of 161 straight—the longest straight run, it is stated, ever made in the State of Pennsylvania. Mr. Coleman used an A. H. Fox gun on both occasions and modestly attributes a considerable share of the best of his performances to the gun, although a shooter well known to the man behind the gun deserves and should receive no small share of the merits of success.

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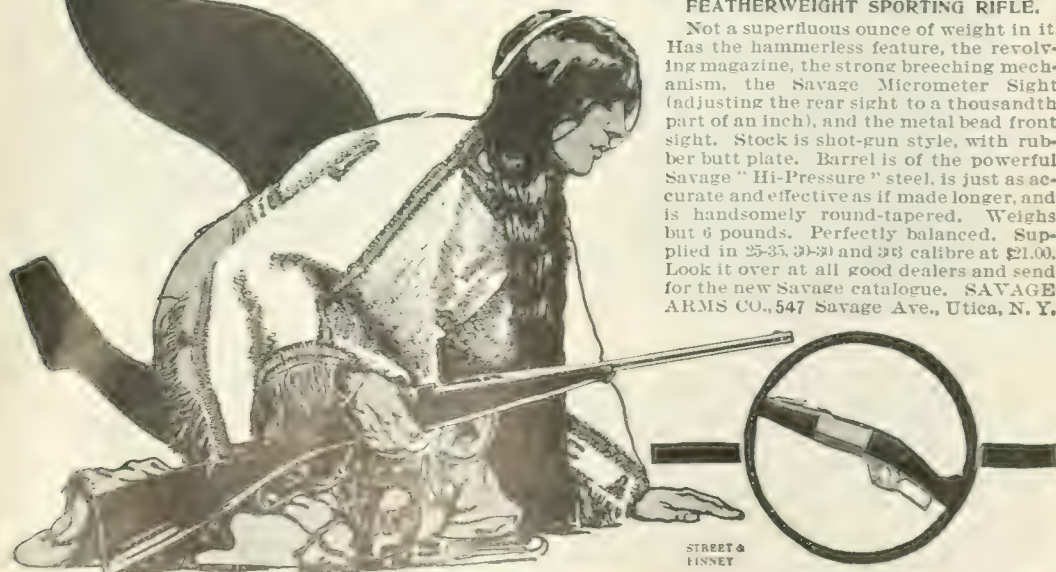
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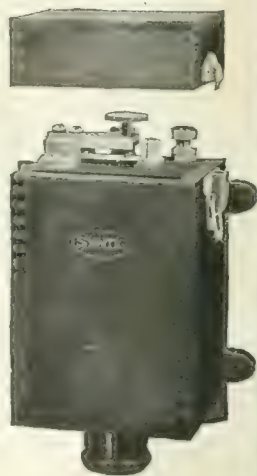
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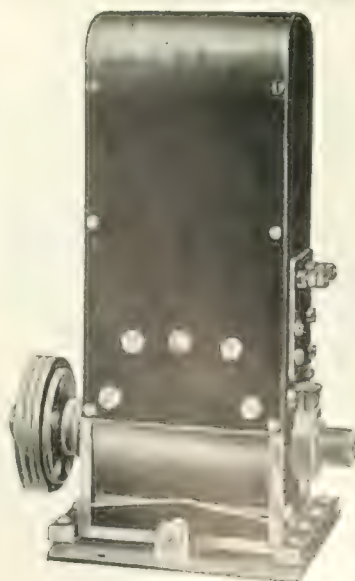
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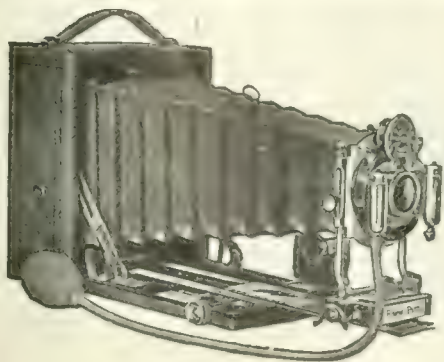
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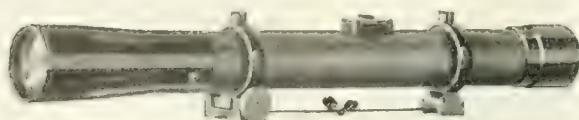
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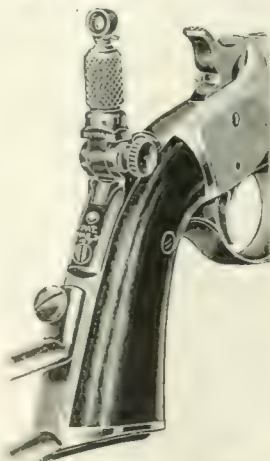
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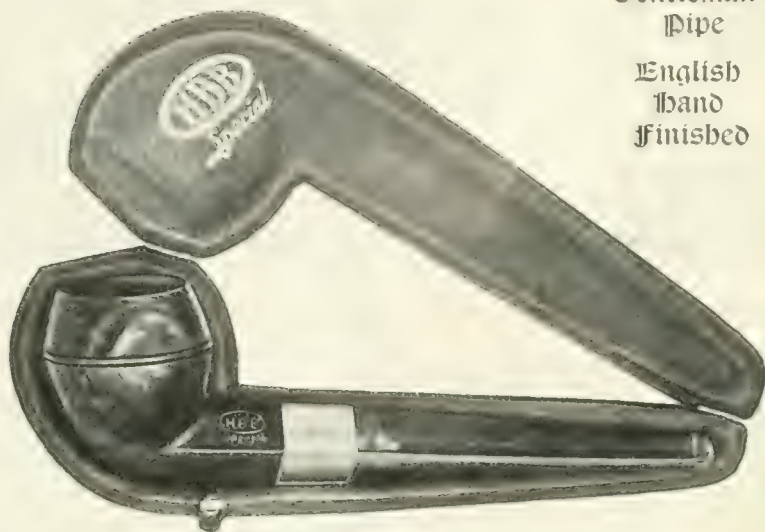
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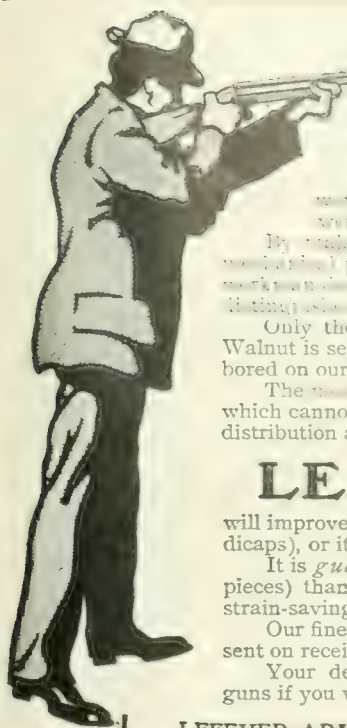
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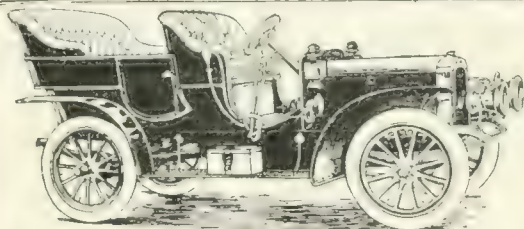
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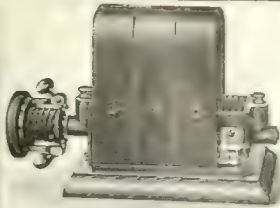
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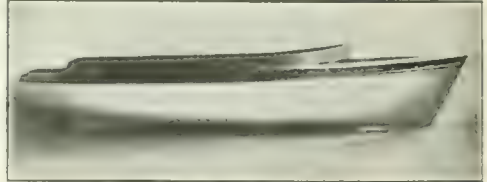
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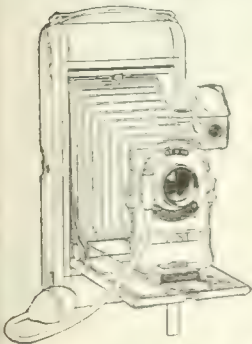
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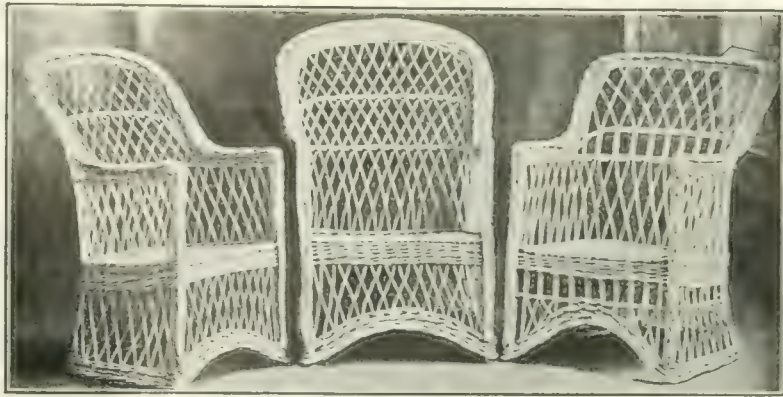
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26 in.
26 in.

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24 in
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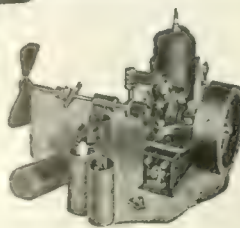
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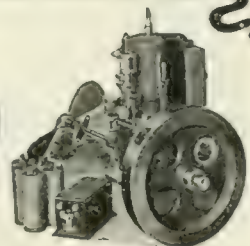
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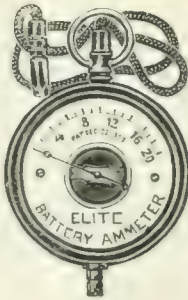
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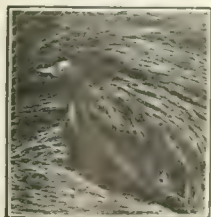
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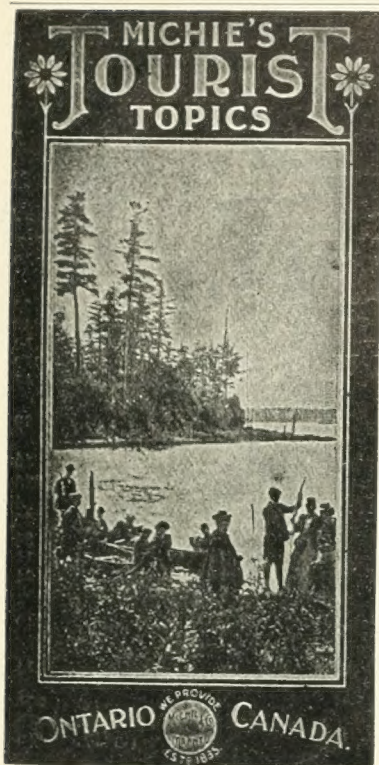
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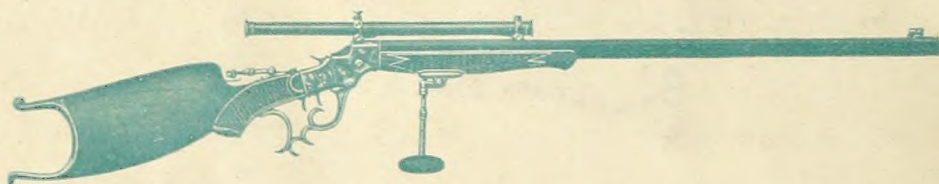
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